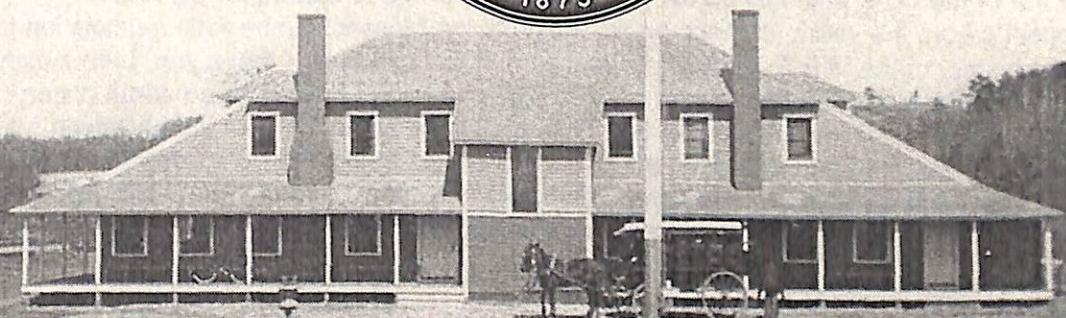
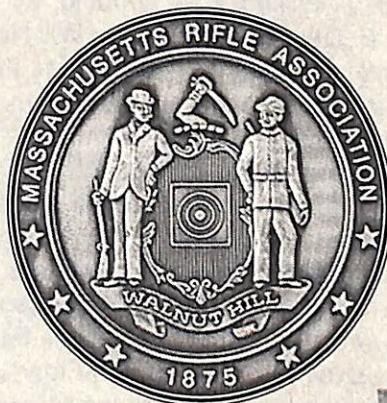


Tales of Walnut Hill

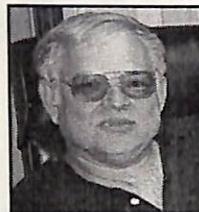


By Robert Summa

“All Aboard”

E. E. Patridge

Volume 12



Welcome to the Tales of Walnut Hill

We have a rich history we will share as you read this book. We will look at the past and the all-time greats that left their mark on the history of Walnut Hill: the masters of rifle shooting and pistol shooting. They generated the spirit of the Hill through competitive shooting. What they built and shot was a challenge. They were the distinguished shooters of the Hill. They came from all over the country to shoot at

Walnut Hill. We have Harry Pope, the greatest barrel maker of his time and a master rifle shooter. We have Niedner, an all-time great, a master rifle shooter, and one of the top gunsmiths of his time who chased Geronamo all over the southwest in the 6th Calvary. Then there is Dr. Mann, the father of ballistics, who in 1909 published *The Bullet's Flight* in his quest for the magic bullet and the magic barrel for the perfect score with the perfect rifle. He was a medical doctor and gave up his practice for his quest in ballistics. Then there are D. L. F. Chase, Ned Roberts, Horace Warner, H. V. Perry, Norman Brockway, C. W. Rowland, H. L. Willard, E. A. Leopold, W. V. Lowe, the Russell brothers, Arthur Corbin Gould, N. C. Nash, O. E. Gerrish, John Kelley, Will Hayes, Dr. W. G. Hudson, the great offhand shot Adolph Strecker, Dr. Baker, L. P. Hansen, Young, Mr. Fry, Daniel Fox, Major Hinman, F.J. Rabbeth and Professor Bell. All are the masters of the rifle. The masters of pistol are C. Paine, Tom Anderton, Eugene Partridge, and Dorothy Knight at Walnut Hill. The riflemen of the Hill, having looked at the American militia team's defeat at Creedmoor, decided to do something about it, so they trained a militia rifle team. Some were members of Walnut Hill and knew the game of long range shooting, and were sent to Creedmoor where they won every event entered. The Walnut Hill riflemen were men of stature: doctors, engineers, and masters of their trade. They were men that enjoyed the shooting sport and did all they could to preserve it for the future generations to come. They shot offhand at ranges of 600, 800, 900, and 1000 yards, holding the finest rifles of their day. H. Pope was the father of the game twist rifle barrel. Pope and Niedner made barrels for Dr. Mann.

All proceeds from the selling of these books will go to the Massachusetts Rifle Association to preserve the history of the M.R.A. through our Museum. If you can help, I thank you. I am looking for old photos of Walnut Hill to share with our membership. The one thing I have learned about history: if someone does not record it, it is lost for all time. But these books will present a vast history which we will share with the world. As you read and look at all the photos, know the books will be a treasure for future generations after we have all come and gone. The books detail the Tales of Walnut Hill. And we will only print 100 books in each series, for this is truly a limited edition!

Robert Summa
M.R.A. Historian at the Walnut Hill Range

The Massachusetts Rifle Association Tales of Walnut Hill Volume 12

I dedicate this book to

All the good friend we have lost over the years in there memory Fred, Charlie, Doc. They were outstanding people and friends, and all are missed. They will forever live on in our thoughts and in our hearts until the end of time. As they were dedicated hunters and outstanding sportsmen, my friends, Charlie McLaughlin, Fred Fazio, and Doctor Thomas J. Glennon as there Spirits will be with us forever!

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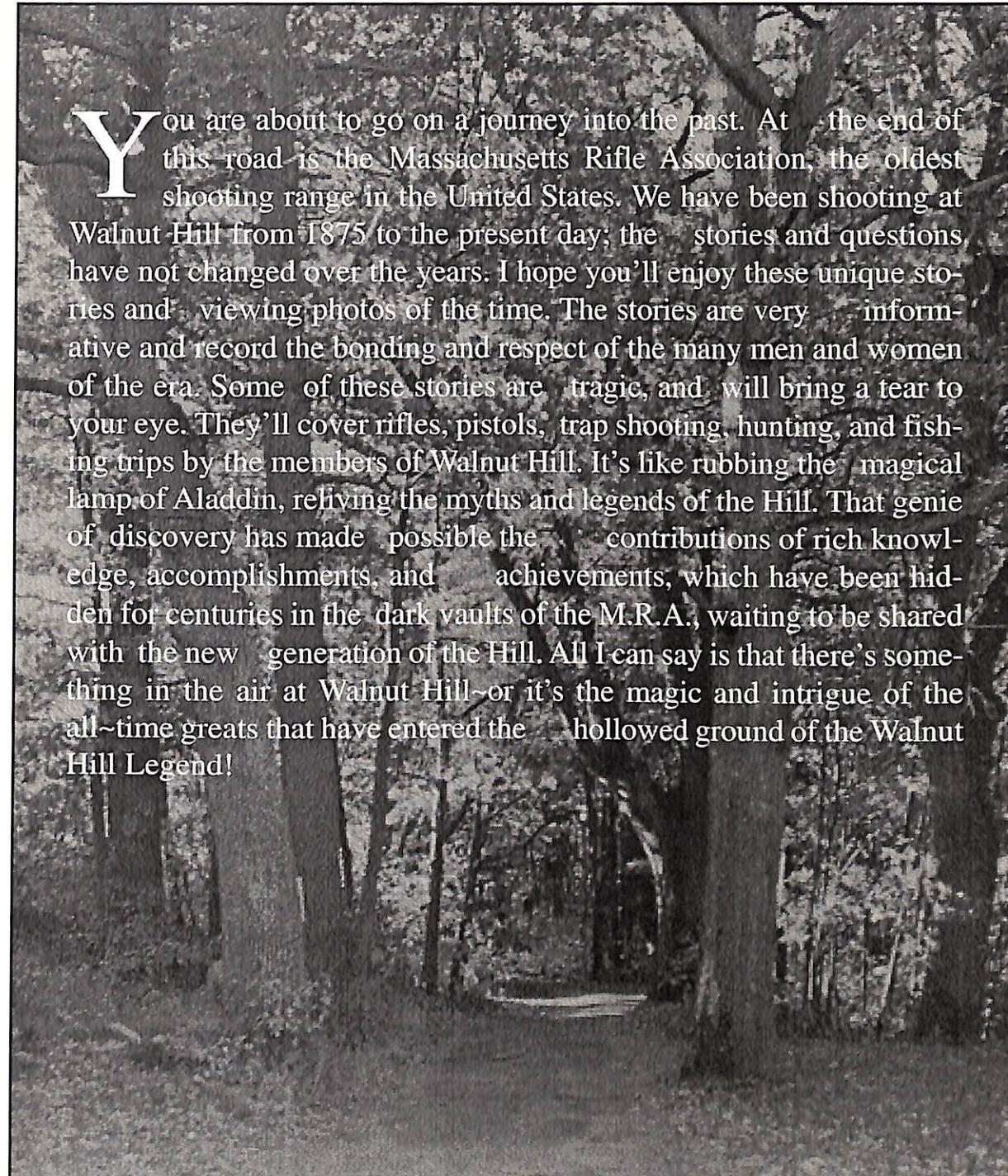
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Introduction

You are about to go on a journey into the past. At the end of this road is the Massachusetts Rifle Association, the oldest shooting range in the United States. We have been shooting at Walnut Hill from 1875 to the present day; the stories and questions have not changed over the years. I hope you'll enjoy these unique stories and viewing photos of the time. The stories are very informative and record the bonding and respect of the many men and women of the era. Some of these stories are tragic, and will bring a tear to your eye. They'll cover rifles, pistols, trap shooting, hunting, and fishing trips by the members of Walnut Hill. It's like rubbing the magical lamp of Aladdin, reliving the myths and legends of the Hill. That genie of discovery has made possible the contributions of rich knowledge, accomplishments, and achievements, which have been hidden for centuries in the dark vaults of the M.R.A., waiting to be shared with the new generation of the Hill. All I can say is that there's something in the air at Walnut Hill~or it's the magic and intrigue of the all-time greats that have entered the hollowed ground of the Walnut Hill Legend!



Welcome to Tales of Walnut Hill

“All aboard”

As this story was discovered in the Walnut Hill archives and I must share this story with you. You will find it most enjoyable.

The Year is 1899 my name is E. E. Patridge we are going on a Fishing and Hunting trip to the Wilderness of Northern Maine we will be traveling with some friends on this Great Adventure.

The story starts in the North End of Boston, as Lisbeth wanted to take along a good book to read in front of the fireplace on our trip. So we will go to Mrs. Antonino Book store as she has the latest novels from New York to take along for the trip. As we live in the North End of Boston near the Old North Church, and the book store is a short distance from the Church. Mrs. Antonino son is a gunsmith and worked with A. O. Niedner who is the finest gunsmith of this era. Paul Antonino sells Winchesters and Ballard rifles and has an ample supply of Ammunition on hand; he could not go on this trip with us but maybe next time.

Next we walk down the street to get some Italian Wine, sharp cheese and some bread. Mr. James Summa's Grocery store is well stocked with meats, pickles, olives, cheese, Hot peppers, Wines and nuts from all over the world. Smelling the fresh Products just makes you want to walk into the store. James Summa started wrapping up the groceries while his nephew was sweeping the floor. They helped us bring the bundles to our wagon as we left I said thank you to his nephew Frank Summa.

We walk past Cappucci's Pizza store Lisbeth said lets get some pizza for the trip. We walked through the door and the smell of pizza cooking, fresh garlic, and the fresh tomato sauce just makes you hungry. Stephen Cappucci said, "I have a pizza cooking Mr. Patridge," I will take one Stephen, for our trip to Maine. Lisbeth was eating a slice as we talked. Stephen makes the finest pizza in the North End of Boston.

Next we pack all our hunting and fishing gear, our butler and Gardner who are traveling with us will deliver all the bundles and gear

to the train. Our train will be leaving Boston at 2:00 P.M. from North Station. To our summer home, in the North Woods of Maine. As we get on the train we meet our friends Mr. & Mrs. Hinman, Mr. & Mrs. Bushfield, Mr. & Mrs. Nash who is our next door neighbors. All the women go to the parlor car and start talking and laughing, while the men go to the smoking car to have a good cigar, enjoy a good Tale, and some Irish coffee that Mr. Nash had purchased for the trip at O'briens Irish Pub on the way to the train station. He is a happy and joyous fellow who works hard, he is always behind the bar telling tales of Ireland and Mrs. O'Brien is cooking some of the finest tasting Corn Beef and Cabbage and Lamb in the city of Boston.

"All aboard" shouts the conductor, and with a slight wave of his hand, he starts the massive iron horse, which will take us on our long journey to that most delightful country, the wilds of Northern Maine. We have with us' the usual paraphernalia of the metropolitan sportsman, and the seat in front of us is well filled with guns, fishing rods and small baggage too numerous to mention. Mr. Stantin is our conductor on this Great Adventure. We go past Walnut Hill station and see F. J. Rabbeth and D. L. F. Chase waiting for the train to Boston.

The women are having a joyous time, talking about fishing and new dress designs from Europe. Lisbeth shows them a new fishing fly she had tied. It is made of some Pheasant feathers, Fox and Mink fur, and gold wire, some silver foil, and two pearls from a set given by her mother, when she went to a Ball in Washington D. C., for the eye's she used two small rubies. All the women want to wear it as a broach it has gotten there fancy, but Lisbeth said "only a trout shall wear it on his lip," as they laughed and poured some cinnamon tea. Lisbeth's father has a jewelry store on Washington Street in Boston and has the finest gold watches, diamonds and emeralds in America. He has made rings and necklaces, and broaches for the Kings and Queens of Europe. He is a wealthy man; its old money from Boston, as his family started with the Mayflower long ago.

Time passes quickly. The ever-changing landscape presents a beautiful panorama which always suggests new themes for conversation, as the sun nears the rugged mountains in the west; we leave the confines of civilization, and take the last stretch of our journey through the wilderness toward the terminus of the road.

How I found this beautiful Valley

As we travel to Maine we see the mountains, they reach into the heavens, the summit is covered in clouds, and you see and hear thunder and lightning. It has an eerie look, as if we were in a Gothic story by Edgar Allen Poe.

The approach of evening lures us to the rear platform. While the locomotive is puffing up the two and one-half per cent grade of Old Brimstone Mountain, we sit on the car steps, admiring the grandeur of nature as she displays herself in towering peak, sharp cut ravine, babbling brook with miniature Niagara's, and cozy nook. Such a blaze of glory must be seen to be fully appreciated. Now we pass some abandoned lumber camps made of logs. Such beautiful railroad cuts! We are soon by what is familiarly called, Height of Land, and are now whizzing down grade at such a rate that we seek protection from the dust inside the car.

As the train rounds the bend our Mountain Valley comes into view. Such a charming lake as stretched westward is not often seen. The village is on the banks of the lake that is nestled between two mountains that feed the lakes with cold running water. There are many Finger Lakes in the area as two rivers flow off from this region into the rich farm land below.

The train stops at the village station, the station master welcomes us, his name is Robert Rogers, and he has hunted Maine all his life. The long journey is over, we all enjoyed the pizza, wine, bread and cheese with hot peppers. We unload our gear, and David Suied pulls up with his horse drawn carriage the fee is .10 cents per person, it is a fair price. We are dropped off at our various homes, as we all have planned to meet at the Walnut Grand Hotel, which over looks the lake, in the morning.

I had met a member of Walnut Hill one Sunday morning he was shooting offhand on the 200 yard range, he had a 45/70 Winchester and had shoot a 98 a fine score. When he finished I introduced myself and we had a pleasant conversation on shooting and fishing. He told me he was going to Maine and start a new life, in a beautiful valley in the North Woods. The village name was Walnut Village. He told me of the beautiful lake and mountains. The hunting and fishing was the finest he ever did, he invited me to come up and do some fishing and I said yes. Several days later I was at this beautiful village. We fly fished for four-day's and had landed 75 trout and 30 Salmon. The fish were all taken with a brown hackle and a 2-ounce rod; the fly-fishing was excellent. The mountains, this beautiful lake, and this village that was from a storybook just took me. I will buy some land, build a summer home and this is the start of our great adventure. Years ago, while toiling away at my desk in the hot and dusty city, perplexed by petty business cares, I used to frequently dream of having a log camp on a hill, near a lake filled with trout, far from the cities and the strain of business. Such dreams were then in the nature of castles in Spain, and my hopes of realizing they were not particularly strong.

However, here I am, cut loose from business and looking down upon the world contentedly from this pinnacle of rest. On the North shore of Walnut Lake. Lisbeth and I have cast our lot for our summer home. Our log house is on a hill, some hundred feet or more above the lake, and just far enough away to be free from the dampness that hovers over large sheets of water. We look out upon a prospect that defies description. Far as the eye can reach in every direction, Blue Mountain tops are seen, the near ones so deep a blue that you can almost feel its velvety softness, while the remotest ones are like filmy clouds, so pale are they against the sky.

Directly in front, across two miles of lake, the hills that rise to the mountains. Are covered thickly with a spruce forest. The whole length of the lake stretches itself five miles to right and left. The village and Mountains View are fortunately not hidden from us, so that only scattered farmhouses and summer camps like our own are not seen. At our feet the shore is fringed with a beautiful growth of trees, mostly balsam fir, whose fragrant odors come to us on hot days, when the wind is right, laden with healing. Among these trees, hidden from our

view, but plainly visible to those passing on the lake. The buildings of the proprietor of Sundry well known homeopathic remedies. Whose likeness, with flowing ministerial locks and index finger pointing upwards, would seem to point to better lands above, although he would not, undoubtedly, like to have it inferred that his medicines were recommended as aids to progress in that direction.

On one side Hunter, cove and on the other, Smith cove indent the shore, leaving us standing out boldly into the lake. These coves are famous fishing places in the spring and fall, many fine catches of both trout and salmon being made here. On the north a fine grove of birch, spruce, beech, walnut and fir shuts us in, but only partially, this being the only direction in which we do not have an extended outlook; and here we get a glimpse of the Kennebago Mountains piled high against the sky.

Well away to the southwest is Rangeley station, it lies behind a cluster of islands, and the trains for the great cities are indicated by columns of smoke rising above the treetops, several times each weekday. Steamers make regular trips up and down the lake and are plainly visible from our piazza for nearly all their course. Fussy little launches go zigzagging over the water, their noisy machinery or smelly emanations not reaching to our lofty perch. Many rowboats go back and forth under our eyes, their occupants seeking persistently to entice the beautiful trout or gamey salmon to their lures. Way out on the Clay Banks, during the hot weather, when the fish have ceased to rise to the fly, notice the spinning minnow, nor other attractive contrivances, there can almost always be seen several boats anchored fast while their crew indulge in that exciting and elevating sport called plugging.

Our camp consists of the log house, twenty-four by twenty-eight feet, a frame shingled annex, about twenty-six by thirty, with kitchen, dining room, and wood shed, a detached cottage twelve by fourteen, stable, and icehouse. This collection of buildings makes quite a show from the lake and can be seen from almost any point. We have a flagstaff, a single spruce tree over fifty feet high, and when our large flag is flying in the breeze it stands boldly up against the sky, making a fine picture. Our main camp has one large living room occupying the whole lower floor, with a large fireplace on the backside. Half this

room is open to the roof, the other half, containing the fireplace, has a chamber over it, reached by a rustic stairway leading to a balcony with a rail of cedar with the bark on. From this balcony two doors lead to the large chamber, which can be made into two rooms by hanging a curtain over a pole, which is fixed high up between the partition and the chimney, There is also a smaller fireplace in this chamber. The partition between the chamber and the main room is built of spruce slabs set on end and showing the rounded sides of the slabs in each room, the joints being broken to allow for the shrinking of the wood, the slabs being put up wet. This partition is a pretty feature of the interior. The surface of the slabs being somewhat stained by the logs having been left some time in the water, while the rounded sides resemble the logs which make the walls of the lower story. A huge log shows across the middle of the first floor ceiling, from which portieres will hang in the cool weather in the fall, thus closing in the low part of the room, with its fireplace and cozy corner, making a warm, snug retreat, with low ceiling of exposed spruce logs. (See page 13)

Deep piazzas come low down on the front and half way around each side, except on the southwest corner, where there is a sunroom inclosed in glass. This room is intended for an outlook in cool weather when the open piazza would be too much exposed, and can also be converted into an insect proof retreat in hot weather by the substitution of wire screens for the glass windows. In one corner of the living room a large plate glass window gives a fine view of the western landscape.

The cottage has its little corner fireplace and its broad piazza, and has an outlook only surpassed by that of the main camp overlooking it. All the floors are of yellow birch, making a smooth and cool floor, and a good background for the Oriental and deer skin rugs scattered about. The furnishings are simple, rocking chairs and broad-armed easy chairs for the living room and piazzas, although the large rustic table with massive posts, four legs and a birch top to match the floors is a great convenience. A comfortable couch under the plate glass window supplements the wide cushioned seats of the cozy corner next to the fireplace. A rough bookcase built against the wall holds a few select volumes of our favorite authors. Our ten-foot piazzas are ideal places for swing hammocks, and in these somnolent devices we

lay and watch the sailing clouds until we lose ourselves in dreams.

We have, of course, our piano and piano player to enliven the long evenings of the autumn, and our selection of pieces being quite broad, we can render classical or rag time music on demand. Although "we are four miles from a lemon," we have a good horse which needs constant use to keep her from getting too much for us to handle, so that daily trips to the village are enjoyable features of our stay.

In the opposite direction we are quite close to the Mountains View, and by taking a rather rough cross country road we can soon reach landlord Bowley's home-like hotel and enjoy one of his nice dinners. Our own table is not to be despised either. We partake of the spring lambs which were the worst smell while gamboling on the adjacent hill; trout are seldom absent from our bill of fare many days in the season; strawberry and raspberry shortcakes, made of the wild berries, too, have been plentiful, and blueberry pie and blackberry delicacies. Nor do we lack the ordinary supplies, as there are very good stores at the village, where meats and the usual variety of country store products can be had, as well as an apothecary, fruit & millinery. Terry Sirignano has a fine store of dry and fancy goods, hardware, and Indian ware stores, all in separate establishments. There is a blacksmith shop; Al Cappadona builds the finest boats in Maine at his boatyard which is on the North side of the lake, a harness and general repair shop, two fine taxidermists' stores, a carriage shop, a barbershop, a large livery stable, and the other miscellaneous establishments usually found in such villages.

The local tavern, called the Bills Pub, owned by A. White is on the Village Street. The Walnut Grand Hotel stands a little out from the center but not far enough away to escape the sight of the two large steam mills, whose booms of logs disfigure the little cove on which the hotel looks out. All along the north shore, which has been the favorite locality since the earliest settlement? There are numerous summer residences or camps, for everything of that nature in this part of the country is called a camp, even if it is an elaborate collection of costly buildings, such as you will find in the suburbs of a large city.

The principal owners, starting the list at Walnut Lake, and going along the north shore, are as follows: The Gilman cottage, a large and

expensive Queen Anne house on a point opposite the village. This place is let each year, as the original owner died soon after he built it. Abel H. Proctor, of Salem, Mass., has two sets of neat and tasteful log camps near the shore on the Ross farm. Herbert W. Northey, of Salem, Mass., has an attractive camp of the bungalow type on a hill-side near the lake. In a pleasant grove near the lake side we see a cozy little red cottage belonging to E. L. Barry, of Waltham, Mass., and next above this in the same grove is the more pretentious house of Miss S. M. Soule, of Brookline, Mass. The most attractive establishment about here is the one of W. M. Cunningham, of New York, which consists of a row of log camps, forming quite a long street running parallel to the lake front. Mrs. S. W. Wheatland, of Salem, Mass., has just completed a fine house near Mr. Cunningham's, and has a boathouse, wharf, and launch. D. W. Farquhar, Boston, has an extensive establishment close to the water, comprising a large house, boathouse for launch, and wharf. On the point across Hunter cove, and on a part of the original farm from which our place was taken, is the modest little cottage of Dr. Charles Carrington, of Connecticut, this being the first sporting camp erected on this lake. Across Smith cove is the new cottage of D. M. Bonney, of Farmington, Me., and next beyond this is the old cottage formerly owned by the same gentleman. Just around the point from Bonney's is the Kemankeag camp, owned by a party of Farmington people. Close by is the unattractive building, appropriately nicknamed The Cheese Factory, on account of its homely shape and dirty yellow color. In a field and back a few yards from the lake next comes the log camp owned, I believe, by Mr. Bonney. It is seldom occupied, which is a pity, for it is a very attractive camp for fishing parties, although perhaps a little too cramped for long occupancy. On the point close to Mountains is the small red cottage originally occupied by the late Capt. Howard of the early steamboat line? This building with its feet almost in the water is occupied by pleasant parties of the Field's from Phillips, who come with friends for a few weeks each season. F. S. Dickson, of Philadelphia, has his summer home on the island in the middle of the lake not far from the village, and has also several woodsy log camps on South Bog Cove Island. Francis Shaw has a large house on the south shore opposite Dickson's island, and D. B. Harrison, of New York, a settlement quite

a distance east of this, his is the last clearing on this side of the lake, the thick woods closing in sharply next to him. On the east shore above the Walnut Grand hotel are several attractive homes. J. M. Munyon, of Philadelphia, occupies a fine cottage with a large boathouse for his steam launch. Next, comes the camp of that hospitable gentleman, Hon. F. E. Timberlake; state bank examiner. This consists of two buildings, the original frame cottage, and the handsome log camp, which he has recently built, and which contains the most unique stone chimney I have seen. It would need a separate article to adequately describe this feature, Mr. Timberlake having devoted much time in collecting odd and interesting objects, which he has incorporated with the stones of this structure. A little further up the lake is the summer home of N. P. Noble, Mr. Timberlake's law partner. S. R. Morse and W. A. Faunce, of Atlantic City, have camps on this shore. The Pickford boarding camps, quite a popular summer resort, are also on this shore.

To me this is an ideal country for summer homes, and the building of them is likely to increase rapidly in the near future, as many are realizing how easy it is, to reach this pleasant and healthy locality. Excessive heat is practically unknown here on the shores of the lake, although it is frequently quite sultry in the village in the middle of the day, the hills near by sometimes shutting off the cooling winds which play about the north shore nearly all the time. Whichever way the summer winds do blow, we on our hill must get them, and black flies or mosquitoes which swarm at the camps close to the shore are not seen here except on rare occasions when it is very calm and sultry. Truly our, lines have fallen in pleasant places, and every day is a red-letter day.



Mr. Mrs. Patridge's Summer Camp

How I meet Lisbeth

Before I Get back to my story I must first let Robert Summa the Mayor of Walnut valley tell you how I meet Lisbeth.

"The long awaited proposal of E. E. Patridge to Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Briggs has finally happened at the MRA. Walnut Hill range. He proposed on one knee on the 200-yard rifle range after his team won the rest match at the monthly shoot. She said yes, and a round of applause and cheers of joy rang out across Walnut Hill. (It was said you could hear the cheers in Boston - haha - on this joyous day!) They will marry in February at the Old North Church in the North End of Boston, travel across America for a honeymoon, and visit all the great Western ranges in America."

The story begins on the day Miss Annie Oakley ("Little Sure Shot") visited Walnut Hill to give a shooting exhibition to all the ladies of Boston. Mrs. Briggs was interested in the world's finest shot. She was amazed at how easily Miss Oakley made it seem shooting glass balls in the air.

Mrs. Briggs was a determined lady, and decided to apply for membership in the near future. She was a widower and came from old money in Boston, a well-to-do family. So on Ladies' Day, as was announced in the Boston Globe, she ventured to Walnut Hill for this memorable event. She will never forget this day, as she met some of the finest shots with a revolver and rifle, and the worlds finest rest shooters.

She wanted to shoot on the 200-yard rifle range. The instructor was showing all the ladies how to hold the rifle, look through the sights to the bull's-eye, and squeeze the trigger so gently til it went off. If you were holding your sight picture, you could earn a 10. There was one dash petite brunette who was eager to commence her score. She wore a very natty hat and a tailor-made suit - zounds! How nicely the suit fitted her, but it seemed an uncomfortable shooting costume. She had an hourglass figure, beautiful blue eyes, and ruby red lips. Her hair was soft as silk. The instructor trembled as he held her in his arms to show her how to hold the rifle. You could see that he was smitten with her, as she had his heart and soul at her fingertips. At last, it came her turn to shoot. She pulled off her gloves and dropped her handkerchief on the ground while hurrying to the firing point, and was ready before the target was placed. "Now, I want to hit the bull's-eye

every time, she remarked. "If you look through that little hole in the rear sight, aim so the bull's-eye will be inside of that front aperture sight. When the rifle is perfectly still, press the trigger, and be sure and keep the butt of the rifle firmly against your shoulder," the instructor continued, as he handed a loaded and cocked rifle to her. This little lady was an apt scholar, for after one or two goose eggs, she comprehended the instructions and wound up her score with a 9 and a 10. "Oh! Oh! Oh! She has made a 10," shouted a chorus of female voices.

The young lady retired from the firing point with a triumphal air. Mrs. Briggs' instructor was Mr. E. E. Patridge. And the courtship started at the Hill, as they had a common bond of shooting. They could be seen at the weekly shoot enjoying each other's company. As she was interested in rifle shooting from the rest position, Mrs. Briggs had bought a Ballard Rifle which was fitted with a .38-55 Winchester barrel and a Willard telescope. Her bullets were Chase patched. She loaded, cleaned, and handled her rifle alone, as she had all the shooting accessories to go along with it. And the rest shooters made it look so easy to shoot a score of 120 out of 120, as Chase and Rabbeth were shooting 119's out of 120's. She was learning from the Hill's finest rest shooters. D.L.F. Chase showed Mrs. Briggs how to patch a bullet. As she was shooting a .38-55 Ballard rifle with a Willard telescope modified by Mr. Rabbeth. So arranged that the rifle, when fired, receiving the recoil threw the telescope forward, thus avoiding all liability of striking the eye with the tube of the telescope. A barrel of a telescope sight rigidly fixed on a rifle barrel is likely to severely injure the rifleman for the above stated. With this device, the telescope can be slid forward while the rifle is being cleaned; if it were a breechloader; upon the rifle being reloaded and ready for another shot, the telescope is drawn back into place and the next shot taken. The shooting of Mr. Rabbeth and others at Walnut Hill shows that this device is practical and reliable.

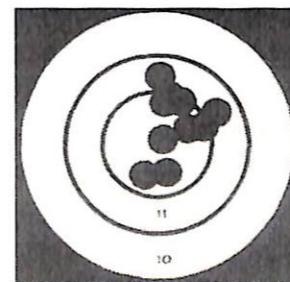
Mr. Patridge and Mrs. Briggs would shoot on the same team. As the rest scores show, it was a marriage made in heaven, for she could shoot 118's-119's and some clean scores of 120's - wow! We have some targets in the MRA office, including a 119 score from rest on October 21, 1899. They had a son, and he was a handsome little boy, looking like his father. He was taught how to shoot a rifle and pistol at the Hill, and later became a partner in his father's law firm. He will become an MRA officer in the years to come.

Mrs. Briggs' rifle was very accurate, and its weight was 13 pounds. She was a gracious lady, and you can follow her shooting scores in Tales of Walnut

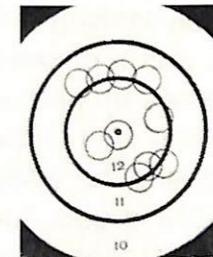
She also took to shooting a .38 Colt revolver in the Revolver Medal Match, the six shots to be fired in one minute. She met with good success, too. She began to travel the thorny path of the rest shooter, whose ambition is to reach the goal of perfection: a perfect score of 120. Already she has attained a degree of skill that comparatively few men can boast. She will climb and make the possible 120 out of 120, as she is shooting 115's-117's-118's-119's. There is but one trouble we can think of that is likely to follow the development of the riflewoman: she will, when she becomes familiar with rifle, shoot too well, and some of the poor men will be humiliated by being beaten. Women possess a keenness of vision, delicacy of touch, a quick perception of little things, all of which, when properly applied, count greatly in fine rifle shooting. How mortifying it will be for some luckless men who have long enjoyed reputations of being crack rifle shots to be eclipsed by the coming riflewoman!

Note: she did shoot 120's on December 8, 1900, and April 27, 1901.

A feat unparalleled in rifle shooting was performed by Mrs. E. E. Patridge April 27, 1900 when she fired but 10 shots and made her second perfect score of 120. Hearing a series of Comanche-like whoops from the corner devoted to rest shooting, I investigated, and found that the above was the cause. The score was made in a regular match of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, and is the second her first 120 on the same range and with the same rifle and similar ammunition, Dec. 8 last. But while the first one was made under favorable weather conditions, that of last Saturday were not, the wind of that afternoon being variable and puffy. Mrs. Patridge's rifle is mounted with a telescope sight has a Ballard frame and a .38-55 Winchester barrel. She used 330 grain Chase patched bullets tempered 1 to 30. Her shells were filled with FG black powder, tapped down. The score was begun without sighting shots.



April 27, 1901



December 8, 1900

Mrs Patridges wonderful shooting

H. A. Baker tells a good story, I have been on the lookout for two months in *Shooting and Fishing* for further recognition in regard to Mrs. Patridge's fine shooting. Being somewhat of a rest shot myself, I feel in a way competent to judge its merits. I have shot side by side with Mrs. Patridge many days, and to say she is a good shot for a woman does no justice. In the aggregate of her scores in the gold victory medal match she far surpassed any previous record that has ever been made in that match, several 118's and 119's out of the possible 120 and one perfect score, which has been accomplished before by only one person, and that was H. L. Willard. The shooting I wish particularly to compliment her upon is her last score in the medal match, which was on the last shooting day in 1900. Being obliged on that day to make two scores of 116 or better to secure the medal, otherwise she would have had to begin all over on the beginning of the new year. All the members at Walnut Hill that I came in contact with were very much interested, and hoped she would secure them. Before I reached the range that morning she had made 119, and I was told under unfavorable conditions. Then came the struggle for the last score. As the day wore on Mrs. Patridge started several scores and withdrew them until late in the afternoon when there was only about two hours left. The wind had increased to almost a gale and we were all very anxious that she would not accomplish it. About 2:30 P.M. she started a new score, and on her first shot got a 12, on her second the wind blew her into a 10, and a few of us got together and consulted, thinking it might be wiser for her to withdraw and start anew, but fearing it might disturb her, said nothing. Meanwhile she kept on shooting and rolling up 12's, completed her score with eight consecutive 12's, giving her 118. When she came in after her last shot we were all breathlessly waiting to hear the result, and when it was announced a 12, there was a deafening shout from all over the shooting house and we all rushed up and congratulated her. Robert Rippy was outside trying for a good hold, on his 45-123 1/2 Sharps rifle when the last shot was fired, and the whoops which reached my ears might have been heard at the targets, for the shot could be seen as it struck the target, and E. E. Patridge was at the scope. No more need be said. The total of the ten scores is the highest made in winning this medal to date. A. E. Hanson having the second place, with a total of 1175 points, while

Mrs. Patridge's scores foot up 1182, and in addition to shooting the scores on medal tickets, several of them were made in competition with the best rest shooters for prizes in holiday matches. Mrs. Patridge has recently beaten several of the expert male rest shots of the M. R. A. in a fair and square competition and her judgment of wind is remarkably accurate. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Patridge have lately captured about everything in sight at both ends of the shooting house, the former at the pistol end, and madam at the rest targets. Both have done fine work, Mrs. Patridge having made two 119's, besides one 118 and other fine scores, and also having won two turkeys. E. E. Patridge never shot in better shape than he has in the past few weeks. The scores were set at 7 for the gold medal in tree shots on the Columbia. He was inclined to think 7 rather easy, as he made six 7's and better on one day. From his own scores, however, I proved to him that the gold medals for 92's, Standard count, were no harder for him, as he had made five or six scores of 92 and higher that same day.

A woman who shoots a rifle, and especially such a one as a .38-55, must be a person of consequence, and when her scores equal and frequently exceed those made by some of the most famous riflemen in the country after many times her years of practice, one's admiration is increased prodigiously. In my mind's eye I saw Mrs. Patridge as she took her position at the rest, as she settled herself for the shot, and then as she waited calmly for the announcement. A woman of forty-five or fifty, no nervous tremor could make its way to the surface to disturb the aim, a woman of few words, deliberate and slow in every action, ruled by a ponderous determination to excel.

Mr. and Mrs. Patridge are now enjoying themselves in Jamaica. Before going they promised me to be back in season to join Mrs. Baker and me on our annual woodchuck hunt in May, and if she proves as apt a pupil on that kind of shooting as at the target she will put some of the old chuck hunters on their mettle.

Part 1

I must get back to my story now. Lisbeth and I mount our horse and buggy, we head for the village road, which reminds me of a fairy tale with flowers of all colors of the rainbow. On the side of the road as we pass, some deer are looking at us. This would be a perfect painting to hang on the walls of our home. We enjoy the smell and freshness of the air, we stop in front of the Walnut Grand Hotel, as we enter we can smell a hearty breakfast being cooked.

The Hotel is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ouellette, they run a fine and Grand Hotel, they have two daughters Shelby and Emma and they help Sandy with the cooking and they go fishing for trout for the Hotel menu on the boat dock behind the Hotel. Sandy is a gourmet cook and has cooked for the Rockefellers of New York when she lived there. Don and Jerry help run this fine establishment, they also rent boats, horses and summer homes. As we gather round the banquet table we talk of our fishing and hunting trip.

Next we stop at the Village Gazette a small Newspaper run by Jack Tashjian. The editor is Barbara Wroblewski; they run a weekly newspaper and get news from Boston on a daily base by telegraph. Barbara enjoys fishing and has caught the largest trout in the region it was 14 lbs. And nick named Grand Pups to the local's. All Jack had caught was an old boot on his fishing trip with Barbara. He has a row-boat tied to the dock of the Grand Hotel.

Tom Mearls is our telegraph operator; he is an expert rifleman from the Great War. He is shooting a .40/65 Winchester.

We will stop at the General store to buy some can goods and oil for our lamps. As we enter we smell fresh brownies just out of the oven. "Hi Beverly" we shout we're here for some of your great brownies. Mike (Gerald) Dalelio stops in the middle of a tall tale and says "hi Mr. Patridge". I enjoy listening to mikes tales, as he controls the story from beginning to end. A group of people sit in front of the Red Hot pot bellied wood stove; drinking some of mikes superb coffee and eating some of Beverly's brownies. The price is fair .05 cents a cup for coffee, and .02 cents for a brownie. His story to day is about the pony express riders of yesteryear.

Some say he was once a rider delivering money and mail across America. Mike also sells the finest rifles and pistols in the state of Maine at a good price, as Bob Soaper will attest to. He bought a fine

.22 caliber Winchester rifle and a Sidel scope at a superb price. It could shoot the eye out of a gnat at 200 yards.

Next we stop at the Barbershop and say hello to John Alconada, listening to some local gossip; he is a fine gentleman and his wife Mary was fixing a natty hat she had just bought at Terrie Sirignano dry good store. Bill Medinger was getting his beard trimmed and a hair cut for .15 cents, he is the local builder and has built most of the homes in the area and he enjoys a good day of fishing.

We also have a local Marshal; Dom Cedrone he has chased horse thieves and poachers all over Maine and has a good record as none have escaped him in his pursuit. The Judge is Joseph DePalma he is a fair and just man, who has not hung any one to date, and is a friend to all in our village. We have two lawyers; Ed Gorge and Bob Collins as Bob fills many hats of our village. As we pass our village church, we can hear our bishop on the pulpit yelling, "Idle hands are the Devil's work shop". Bill is a fine bishop and brings life to our village; he is a master pistol shot and superb riflemen. And some say he can pull a Rabbit out of a hat!

Clip - Clop - Clip - Clop is the sound of our gray mare's hooves on the stone covered street as we head for the Blacksmith shop, he rents and boards horses. Our mare Cindy lives in his stable when we are not at our summer home. Larry Hartnett is the finest Blacksmith in Maine, a great hunter, and hunted buffalo in the west when he was a young man. He is a superb knife maker and has made others and me in the village bowie knives with a 9-inch blade, elk horn handle, and it has good balance. You can shave with it; it has an elk hide sheath and feels good on your belt.

Next we meet at the Grand Hotel and talk to our hunting and fishing guides, we will be going to different areas for fishing and hunting. Game is plentiful. There are Elk, Caribou & Moose in this area along with Deer and Grizzly bear. Grey Wolves can be heard howling at the moon in the evening hours.

As we sit in the dinning room of the Walnut Grand Hotel we hear the whistle of the steamboat Buccaneer. She is a stern wheeler and runs from the St. Johns River in Canada down to the rich farmland below and up to Walnut Lake twice a week where the only way off is to walk the plank. She has a brass cannon in front of the wheelhouse

to run off any enemy of America for our colors fly high and proud above her. The Captain is Nick Summa he was a Barberry coast Pirate as a young man. He tells a great Tale. We pass the post office and look in the window and see Sal and Betty Iannuzzi sorting the noon mail that he will deliver by horseback today we walk to the center of our village and pass Millie's Bakery run by Millie and Marie DiCesare. They are baking some pies, cookies and fresh bread. The smell is staggering as we open the door; I want to buy one of ever thing in the store. Your pallet is dripping for some pie, cookies, or cream filled Canolies as the people of the village line up for the best pastries in the North Woods. When we are at home you can smell the fresh baked bread from our home on the high hills of the valley. As our view is a painters dream of the mountains, Lake and our Village as we leave the bakery we meet the mayor of our village as he said good morning Mr. & Mrs. Patridge, I say good morning Mr. Mayor, his name is Robert Summa. He is writing a book on the beginning of our Walnut Village and all its members. He is a retired veteran of the Great War and had his own publishing co. in Boston. That is where I had met him some time ago. He had been shooting at Walnut Hill and is a friend to all at M.R.A. He enjoys recording past and present history of America. So I say to you be proud to be an American as our colors fly over the Village square, we are the protectors of Freedom across the land from sea to shinning sea, god it has a ring to it.

Next we hear of a gold strike in the foothills. John Flyn and George Higley were fishing one day in a mountain stream, when a shadowy reflection from above, got their attention it was a Thunderbird flying. The wing span was 20 feet, John fell into the stream and saw a yellow glitter, he reached for it, and low and behold it was a gold nugget. The legend of the Thunderbird has brought good luck some say they live in the mountains above the valley. The news of gold spread across the valley, people started racing to the hills of our quiet village. The gold was tested, it turned out to be fools gold, "thank god our village is saved"! Mike shouts as he throws his torch and pitchfork to the ground!

Next we stop at the local Bank its called McLaughlin Savings and Loan. Bob McLaughlin and his brother Paul, who is the local Doctor and has delivered all the children of the valley, run it. His nurse is

Lynne Sibo she is a gracious lady, and enjoys shooting and hunting in the North Woods. She has set many a broken arm and leg in this valley. As we move on we pass the schoolhouse, it is a one-room building the teachers are Alica Summa she teaches grades 1 - 4 and Helen Coyne, she teaches grades 5 to 9, they both enjoy the work of molding the young minds for the future. Several children have gone on to Harvard University in the suburbs of Boston and are very successful today. Helen Coyne's husband John owns the local Freight Company, he never stops working. John is a hunter at heart and loves hunting the North Woods, he also enjoys fishing. Helen has a dream to go to the Royal Casinos of Monte Carlo. We head home for the evening to get a good night sleep for tomorrow we will all be out in the North Woods.

Morning found us on the "anxious seat" on the front porch of the grand hotel fixing our fishing tackle. Bushfield, Nash and Hinman had left with their guides and were on the lake paddling to the fork of the two rivers; I will relate the out come of their hunting adventure.



Mrs. S. E. Patridge



Mr. E. E. Patridge

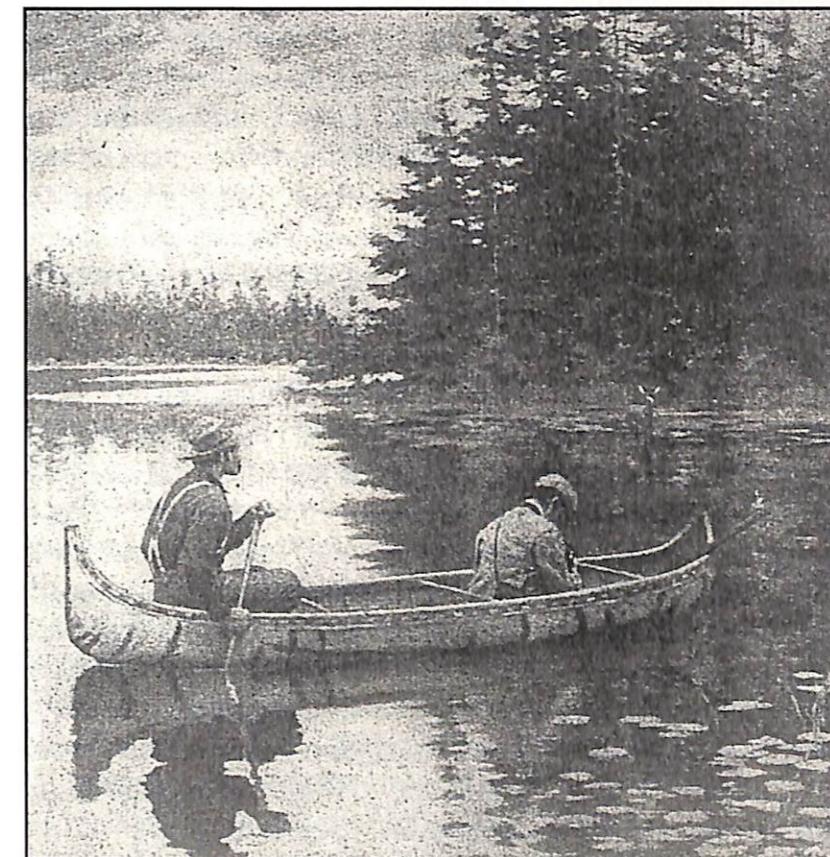
C. W. Hinman

As our story starts. Hinmam had left with Fred Fazio his guide to camp in the mountains he will be hunting two or three weeks It is his custom to leave Boston prior to the closing of the fishing season, to secure a little of the late fishing, and to be on the grounds at the opening of the legal season for hunting. I know of but a few who go as far away from the beaten path for hunting as Major Hinman. He penetrates some very inaccessible places, and generally obtains fine sport. During his trip he camped in 10, different places, made 7 carries, and canoed on 14 different lakes and ponds. His sole companion was Fred Fazio his guide. He was equipped with a 45/70. Major Hinman killed an unusually large Bull Moose, with a superb head and perfect horns; he also killed three deer, and small game, the latter consisting of grouse and ducks. No caribou were seen during the trip, but deer were very abundant, so much so that on some days several were seen during the day. Grouse were very scarce, and Major Hinman told me that he could have killed more deer than grouse during his hunt.

A year ago Major Hinman visited the same section, and at a certain place he sighted a deer. He approached within shooting distance and fired at the animal which fell, as the party approached, the deer scrambled to its feet, and the sportsman brought a fresh cartridge from the magazine to the chamber and was about to fire a second shot when the guide told him not to shoot as the deer was about dead. The guide Fred Fazio approached still nearer when the deer again sprang to his feet, and again Hinman was told not to fire. A moment later the deer for the third time regained his feet and this time made off and was lost. This year he shot a deer within 200 yards of that spot, a wound found upon it nicely healed, in the same place Major Hinman believes he hit the deer last year, which makes the Major think he shot the same deer twice.

Major Hinman felt that his last opportunity to kill a moose this season was gone. The guide paddled noiselessly to deeper water, and as the canoe rounded a bend in the river the big bull was seen standing about 50 yards away. Major Hinman saw the bull about to jump as he placed the butt of the 45/70 rifle to his shoulder; he took a quick sight, was perfectly cool, and fired. The moose cringed and fell, but was up in an instant and made off through the bushes; a second shot was

fired but did not hit the animal. Soon all was quiet, Major Hinman and guide disembarked, and within a hundred yards of the shore found the moose still alive but unable to rise. Another shot finished it. The antlers of this moose are four feet one inch, and it girded back of the shoulders 84 inches. The first shot struck the animal four inches back of the fore shoulder, the bullet ranging back toward the middle of the body and was flattened to 3/100 of an inch in thickness. Maj. Hinman had a singular experience during his moose-hunting trip, after a patient hunt of several days; he and his guide Fred Fazio discovered a long distance away a Bull Moose. He was making what appeared to be a successful stalk, when the moose scented another hunter and made off. It was afterwards learned that the other hunter had entered the woods some fifty miles away from where Maj. Hinman entered, and both of them were still-hunting the same Bull Moose, which resulted in neither of them capturing it.



The Howling Mountain

The next story will solve one of the great mysteries of the Howling Mountain. Kevin my guide has explored the large cavern of Brimstone Mountain he was my guide on a climbing adventure some time ago. The opening of the cave was on the North Slope of Brimstone. Its a caviar's dream, it looks like the jaws of a Grizzly Bear's open mouth, the jagged surroundings stones as his teeth. It's Eerie to walk into the jaws of hell there are two paths into this cave, one leads up into the mountain, the other goes down into the bowels of earth. As we climb up we find a cavern full of bats, there are thousands clinging to the cave roof. The cave floor is covered in bat droppings, which are Ammonium Nitrate, the base for all explosives and rifle powders in this era. As we are using oil lamps in this cave. Kevin finds a side chamber that has a down draft of cold air. We look up and it goes on forever. We see a faint light at the end of this chimney. It leads to the top of Brimstone Mountain. Kevin and I start to climb the chimney. It is a hard climb but we find ledges to rest on. We find that the wind over time has worn the walls smooth as glass as we find hand holds we climb to the top. We find ourselves on a snow and ice covered ledge 50 yards from the top of Brimstone Mountain. The clouds are below us, it's cold, and the winds are blowing hard. We hold onto the rocks on the ledge, and view the mountains surrounding us. I wish we had a Kodak to show Lisabeth, it's an eerie feeling to look into the clouds. The high winds rush into the chimney opening with such a force it will take you off your feet. We hear the Howling wind from hell, as we start to climb down the chimney. It seems to take forever but at last we are at the bottom of the cavern for if we had slipped we would fall to our death. Kevin said let's go down to the lower caves of hell and Brimstone. We laughed as we climbed into the bowls of the cave. We find cave drawing from a past era of man. They picture men hunting bears and elk with clubs and spears and one of a man beast being killed by a man with what seems to be a rifle and fire from its end?

We move deeper, it is warmer and the air is moist, there must be an underground river down below. We walk from chamber to chamber and find a Hot Springs running underground. It feels so good. We rest and enjoy the Hot Spring; it takes the stiffness of the climb away. We look at the chamber walls and see all types of crystals forming on the ground and walls. They seem to magnify the oil lamps light, as if you

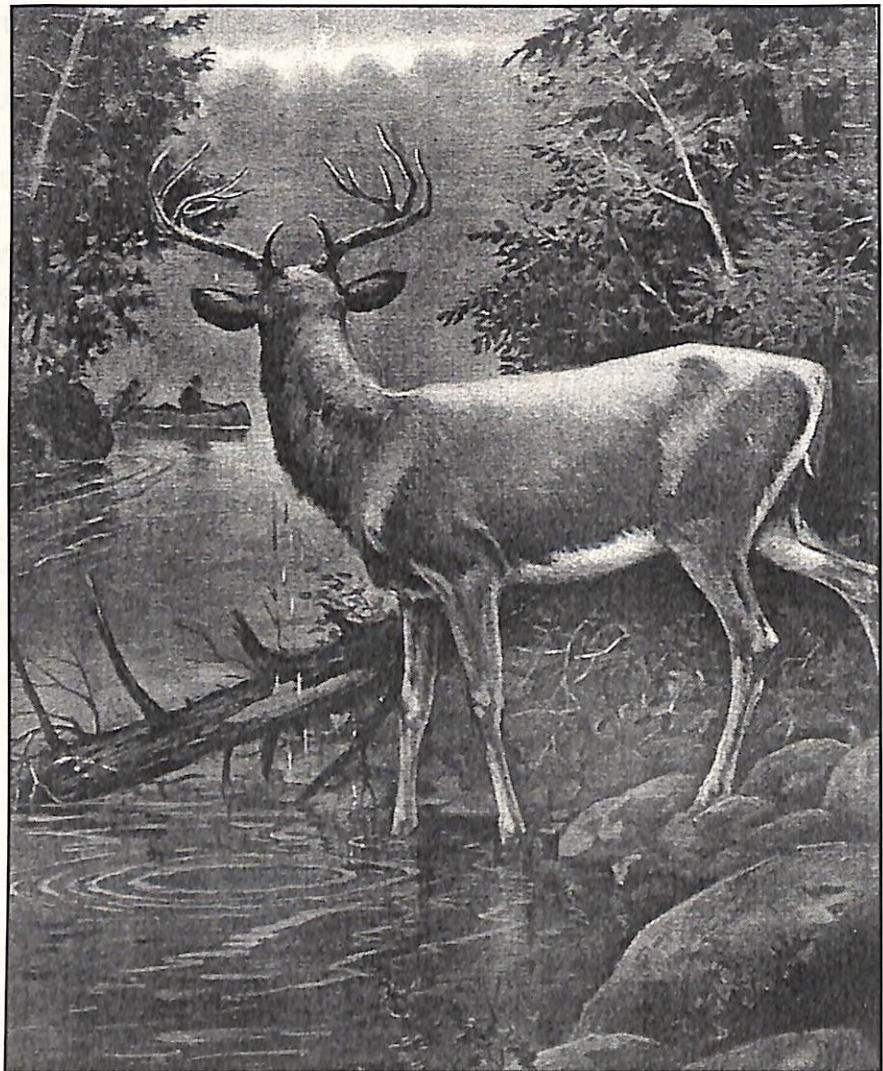
were in a ballroom of the Walnut Grand Hotel. We have rested and eaten some of Sandy's great sandwiches, we move on, deeper into the bowels of the earth.

It is hotter and the smell of sulfur is all around us. We enter this large chamber, it goes on for miles, and pools of water and mud are bubbling, all round the chamber. We walk deeper in to the cavern we find a stone bridge! Has man lived here before? I say to Kevin, had some type of calamity destroyed all life on earth? Had man taken refuge in the great cave to survive? We cross the bridge and find wild mushrooms covering the floor, of this great cavern and some stone bowls, metal knives, and hammers from long ago. The wood in the hammers has turned to stone, what is before me? What have I found? As Kevin's lamp grows dim the walls of the cavern seem to glow a strange eerie light, they are fluorescent with the minerals. I dim my lamp and the cavern comes to life it is as if daylight were in this great cavern. We find a skeleton of a giant he is about 9 ft. tall. This was a civilization of tall people. Kevin finds a stone arch and some steps leading to it, off to the left of the steps is a pedestal with writing and colored crystals in a circle and a large white crystal in the middle. The arch has symbols running around the edges with a symbol and a colored crystal that matched the pedestal. As I move the white crystal a white mist appears in the arch and we see a landscape. It's a city of the future, with buildings that reach the clouds. There are silver disks moving in the air. What have we discovered? -They were from a future race visiting the past; time travelers! I hastily move the crystal back to its original position and the mist ends. Now it is a normal cavern before us, I hastily make some notes for a future experiment as we find some stone tablets next to the pedestal. As I look around we find some more stone tablets with writing on them. It look's Sumerian. We find a large pot sealed with wax and Kevin opens the seal. We find 2 books, scrolls, and a tool, I have never seen a gold covered box with 2 gold wires coming from it, it has a crystal in its center that is flat, the writing on the box looks to be Sumerian. I must have the scholars of Harvard look them over, for this discovery is too great to share with the world. If the world were to know that man had lived before the world of academia it would thrown mankind into chaos. We must keep this hidden till the world is ready for it, I tell Kevin, he said yes. As we

explore the cavern we find tools, machines, rifles, and pistol's the like I had never seen before. They have crystals on them. When Kevin held one in his hand the light of the cavern amplified in the crystal, as Kevin pulled the trigger a beam of light shot out reaching the far walls of the cavern and cut a hole in the wall. We could not believe our eye's what manner of weapon was before us, they were an advanced civilization I remember the writings of Plato about Atlantis and its great weapons. We explore the cavern and find that 700 people had survived in this chamber for many years and then died off. What manner of plague had destroyed them? Had other people escaped into the arch? They left behind riches of advanced machines, tools, rifles, and pistols of long ago. Kevin and I pack our belongings I save the books, scrolls, and some crystals (they are red, green, and clear) in my pack and wrap up a pistol in some oil clothe for future experiments. Kevin sees a light off to the side of a great landslide of long ago. There seems to be burnt marks on the walls and roof of the cavern, we slip by the rocks that are blocking this chamber. On the other side is a chamber so large you can not see its end. It goes deeper into hell, we find a metal bridge like that of a drawbridge, and it is a narrow bridge only one person can cross at a time. The metal is shinny no rust or corrosion from the sulfur that is in the air. It extends over a deep fisher that lava is flowing deep into the bowels of hell. You can feel the heat and smell the gases from the fisher. We cross over and find a small hill that is littered with skeletons of tall men they are in a circle with rifle's and pistols. It looks like the last stand of mankind as they fought this great battle to survive. In this circle of skeletons was a beast with the body of a bear and the head and arms of an insect with large eyes, they had killed them by the thousands, man was overwhelmed, and paid the price. I remember a fable from Plato's writings of a beast to do the burden of man. It was said they engineered this beast and used it as you would a horse. It was an abomination that man had created as only god could create life. Kevin yells there is a snapping sound and something moving, "this way Mr. Patridge," Kevin and I pick up a rifle and pistol. I put the pistol in my belt. There is a swarm of them; the cave floor is covered as if a blanket were placed on the floor. I said Kevin run and we turned and ran and ran for the bridge, we ran as fast as we could, we were across the bridge. I

shouted "Kevin Raise the bridge" as we turned the wheel the bridge began to rise. One of the beasts was at the bridge. I aimed the rifle and fired the light beam it cut it in half; you could smell the blood in the air as it fell into the fisher, below. They tried to cross the bridge but could not. They were at a choke point and only one at a time could cross, they pushed each other into the fisher. You could hear their jaws snapping, they were in a feeding frenzy killing each other to get across this narrow bridge. As they crossed I killed them unmerciful. I killed hundreds and they still came. In the heat of battle they killed each other and started eating each other, you could smell the blood in the air. Kevin and I kept shooting we could not stop they were piled like cords of wood, and climbed over each other to get to us. I cut them down as fast as they appeared before me, finally the bridge was up. They were at the fisher's edge, trying to jump across for the meal of man on the other side they fell into the Lava River below. This advanced race had been destroyed by there own creation. Only 700 had crossed the bridge and survived, they had sealed the cavern with the rifles of light, and this was the burn marks on the opening. We had looked at it as we passed by the rock slide with our rifles and pistols. I said "we must seal this cavern for ever Kevin." As we left each chamber we sealed it with the rifle of light, we buried all traces of this great battle, for the future of mankind. We sealed it behind us with rocks and stones to cover the opening when we finished I noted its location on my map that I was drawing, and left a marker to show I had been to this location. As we walk back to the Hot Springs we rest and talk of this great adventure and all the Tales we will tell. For mankind must never know of this chamber and its contents. As this is a place of myriad torments and endless pain of Darkness more than Night. As we leave the cave we hear the howling This is an eerie sound, as if from a gothic story by Edger Allen Poe. It will drive a man insane this sound of hell. "We must flee with our lives run Kevin run out of this mountain." We are out of this cave we stop and start walking to the village. We stop at the Walnut Hill Grand Hotel and meet Lisabeth, Mrs. Bushfield and Mrs. Nash talking, laughing and pouring some hot tea. I tell them the story of this Great Adventure. The room was silent you could hear a pin drop as all

about listened to this great Tale. I will take Elisabeth to the hot spring; it will relax you that this is a story from another time.



Mr. Bushfield

Our next story is from: Mr. Bushfield on his adventure in the North Woods of Maine. I have often noted, from the recitals of my hunting friends. The near approach a moose will sometimes permit. Many years ago Mr. Bushfield who is perhaps, as well known as any sportsman in New England, was hunting in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake. He and Bud, his Indian guide, as they entered the pond, they perceived a moose standing in the water at the head to Spencer. Mr. Bushfield was armed with a double-barreled shotgun charged with buckshot and, never having killed a moose, was anxious to get a shot at this one. His guide Bud informed him. If he kept perfectly still, and the moose did not wind them, he believed he might paddle the canoe within shooting distance. But be sure, "said the guide, not to make a movement until I have paddled you near enough to shoot, don't speak, but raise your hand a little, then I will stop paddling, and you will then shoot". The canoe was headed toward the moose they were within a hundred yards within fifty within twenty-five and still no movement of the hand to signal near enough. The moose stood motionless; Bud dipped his paddle slowly and gently pushed the canoe still nearer; they were within sixty feet, fifty feet. Another slight motion with the paddle and the sportsman made the motion, and following it instantly by bringing his heavy 10-bore to his shoulder, fired both barrels as quickly as possible. The large beast stumbled, rushed several yards toward the shore, and fell dead on the bank. Bud has never lost an opportunity to tell the incidents of that hunt. He declared that never before or since has he seen a person hold his fire as coolly as did Mr. Bushfield. He would conclude his story with the remark: "I don't think Mr. Bushfield would have been so cool had he known the nature of the beast as well as I."



Nathaniel C. Nash 2nd

Our next story is from N. C. Nash. During the hunt he fired but one shot. This might be accepted by many as evidence that he was not successful on his trip; but that one shot came to bag game enough to last for a long time. His guide accompanied Mr. Nash on this hunt, Fast Eddy. Their hunting grounds were in the vicinity of Chesuncook Lake. It was their custom to alternate days in hunting. One day during the latter part of the trip the larder was quit low, and it was thought extra effort must be made to secure fresh meat. Mr. Nash left camp about five o'clock in the afternoon, and paddling up a stream, he found there was quite a mist hanging over the water. While progressing slowly, a sound was heard round the bend of the stream, and the guide said that it must be a deer. They paddled cautiously, and in a few minutes the guide remarked that the sound was too heavy for a deer, it must be a moose. They advanced a short distance farther when the guide whispers, "There he is; don't you see him?" It was a short time before Mr. Nash could make out the animal, first looking on the wrong side of the river. He finally saw an object standing near the bank of the river, but owing to the mist, he was unable to determine whether it was 50 yards or 200 yards away.
"Can you paddle me any nearer?" he whispered to the guide.
"I am not certain." Was the reply? "Can't you hit it from here?"
"I can try," replied Mr. Nash.

The moose was standing head on, and all that could be seen was its head and the light fur on its Brest. Aim was taken at his vest, as Mr. Nash expressed it, and when he pulled the trigger, he said he had a bull's-eye hold. After the report, the smoke hung about the canoe, and when it cleared away, the moose had turned, and was making off among the bushes, which grew on the banks of the river. Another cartridge was worked forward into the rifle, but as Mr. Nash was about to fire, the moose suddenly dropped and disappeared from view. The spot where the moose was seen to fall was approached carefully, and there was found a magnificent bull, with an unusually fine head. The shot had struck exactly in the center of the Brest, had passed clean through the heart of the moose and its liver, making a hole through its heart as large as one's fist, but though careful search was made for the bullet, they failed to find it. I presume, after passing through the heart and liver, the bullet separated and went into shreds, as is

sometimes the case with this projectile. The arm used by Mr. Nash was a .45-caliber Lee rifle, which I some time ago had made over from a military arm to a sporting rifle. It was originally made for the .45/70 Government cartridge, but has been rechambered to take a shell, which holds ninety grains of powder. The ammunition consisted of ninety grains.

Mr. Nash proceeded to Medway, Me., where he took his old guide and started to Still-hunt deer. The conditions were unfavorable for still-hunting, as there was a light crust, insufficiently strong to bear the sportsmen even when on snowshoes. Breaking through the crust made considerable noise, but one deer was killed. The party met two sportsmen coming out of the woods, tipping off Mr. Nash that caribou tracks had been seen. Going in a certain direction, it was at once surmised that they would be likely found in a known bog, while proceeding there, a herd was sighted. We approached to within about 250 yards, when one of the parties got excited, and started on the run toward the game. Mr. Nash dropped on one knee and fired a shot from his Winchester .45-70, which badly wounded one caribou. Perceiving one of the party between him and the heard, he essayed to catch up with him, but breaking through the crust would trip and throw him, and after a futile attempt, he dropped to the first position again, and fired several shots, one of which knocked over another caribou. The wounded animals were followed and killed later by additional shots.

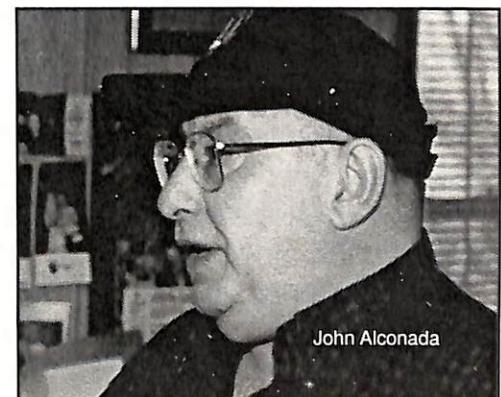
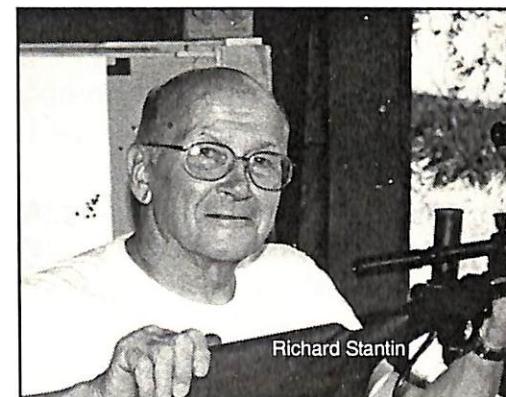
It was a fair morning as Nash walked through the woods his guide is Fast Eddy. He finds on a soft bit of turf the tracks of some deer as they had not been frightened by their pursuit. It was easy to follow the trail. Now scanning the ground and glancing ahead through the trees, we stalked carefully after the game. The dense forest sheltered vast quantities of game, as they were less easily alarmed of the hunters in the woods as we trail the deer over a slope and into a slight ravine, Eddy suddenly stopped and stood rigid, his eyes riveted ahead. Without speaking he indicated some 200 yards ahead on, where the trees grew less closely, that above whose leafy thickets. He said I see antlers. He whispered and points! We crouch low and step carefully, almost breathlessly, toward a great oak. As we take advantage of the cover, and we hope to get a shot at them. The oak is in line between

N. C. Nash 2nd 1910

us and the game, as we peer around the trunk. Three deer were not more than seventy yards away, the two does lying down half hidden in the grass, but the buck standing, head high, nostrils wide, eyes and ears alert, glancing this way and that in a manner that plainly indicated his suspicions. After a few moments of painfully breathless waiting behind this tree, Nash looks again and saw the buck lying down. One side exposed, offering a good shot. He slid quietly down on one knee for this shot. Boom went the roaring thunder of the rifle, a cloud of rolling smoke blotted out our eyes. As we hear the crashing sound of the escaping does the buck was dead on the ground, with excitement and success they stood over the dead deer. Eddy said that was a good shot Mr. Nash.



N. C. Nash 2nd 1890



The Great Hunting Adventure

The next story is from Robert Summa the Mayer of Walnut Village, Robert Rogers our station master and John Coyne, on one of there great hunting adventures

The camp is owned by Bob McLaughlin a good friend to all of us. Its November the leaves are falling, it's getting cooler as the camp is in the Garfield Plantation. As the wagon passes Dot Robins house, we leave civilization and its all dirt road till we get to camp. We seldom see hunters. As the area is so vast and desolate, we all carry maps and a compass. A river runs behind the camp. If you get turned around or disoriented, don't panic head north. You will always hit the river and the camp road. The camp has a main house, bunk house, barn, wood shed, and the two-hole outhouse. The gang's all here, as we all settle in. We start a fire in the wood stove to warm up the bunk house. We relax and fall asleep, for the morning will bring the first day of the hunt. Bob and JT cook breakfast at 4:00 A. M. You hear the ring and the clang of the steel pot. "Come and get it." Breakfast is on the table hotcakes, bacon, sausages, toast, hash browns, eggs, orange juice, and hot coffee to pick us up. Ahhh, I can smell the coffee and bacon now! We plan for the morning hunt, checking the area maps. We all head in different directions for the day. As I walk slowly down the Nurses road, I feel the air and the wet leaves from last night's rain. There's no noise. I walk for about an hour and find a spot to settle in. I will be still hunting this fine morning. It covers a large area, flat, wide open. I can see and hear the river, which covers the sounds I make. The wind is blowing in my face, the clean fresh air, feels so good as we escape from the cares, hustle, and bustle of everyday city life. My rifle is a Savage 99 in .303 caliber and I have a .45 Long Colt in my belt this is the good life.

As I lean up against a tree, I start to dose off. I remember some of our past hunting trips and the stories of the hunting camp. During my first trip, Charlie McLaughlin drove a team of horses and an old wagon up this road, and started dropping us off in different areas. As the wagon moved down the road the sound of the horse's hooves and the wagon became fainter and fainter. I started to look around; the area is so vast; every place you look appeared to be a great hunting area. I settled in behind some cedar trees that were blown over some time ago. This is good cover it is next to a beaver dam, some open

fields, and some high pines. A babbling brook running off to my right covers all sounds I may have made. As it feeds the beaver dam you can see some beavers building a mud hut in the middle of this flooded area. The air is cool and still; the wind is blowing in my face. "Did I just hear a tree fall in the forest?" I sat back and relaxed. I heard a thump. My eyes opened up wide, and I scan the area. I pull my binoculars from the pack, and start looking, I heard another thump and see movement to my left. Near the high pines and the beaver dam, a deer hopped into the open. She was a large doe. She walked in my direction and stopped, head up, sniffing the air. Ears alert, she dropped her head, and looked left. She wagged her tail. And I heard five more thumps as five more deer moved from the darkness of the tall pines. They walked in my direction, stopping twenty feet away. They started to graze and do the things that deer do. I scanned for a set of horns. Not one set to be found. They did not hear nor smell me. The blowing wind and the babbling brook covered all sounds. I sat and watched the deer. They were so beautiful to be this close, yet this far away from these beautiful animals. I sat, watching for a buck for hours. The sun was beginning to set, and the sound of the horse's hooves and the wagon echoed off in the distance. The deer froze, as the clip-clop-clip-clop of the horse's hooves and wagon got closer and closer. They did not move, as they were looking toward the road as the horse and wagon stopped. Charlie said, "Bob, did you see anything?" I stood up and answered, "Yes." "What did you see, Bob?" "Six deer." "Where are they?" "Right over there." As they all looked in the direction of the open field, six deer stood frozen in time. They all scrambled for there. Rifles at that moment all the deer bolted into the heavy cover, out of sight. They all screamed, "Why didn't you shoot them?" I Replied, "They were all does; not one buck." As I got on board the wagon for the ride back to camp, I thought how exciting it is to just watch deer at play. I need to take a Kodak next time!

As I dream on, I remember the Fred Fazio trip the day started as all hunting trips do. We had a hearty breakfast and some strong coffee, and shot the bull, gathered our gear, and prepared to go in our separate directions. As we opened the cabin door, at the bottom of the stairs, we saw deer tracks and some bear prints going through the camp. It was a good start! Fred started up the road to the entrance of

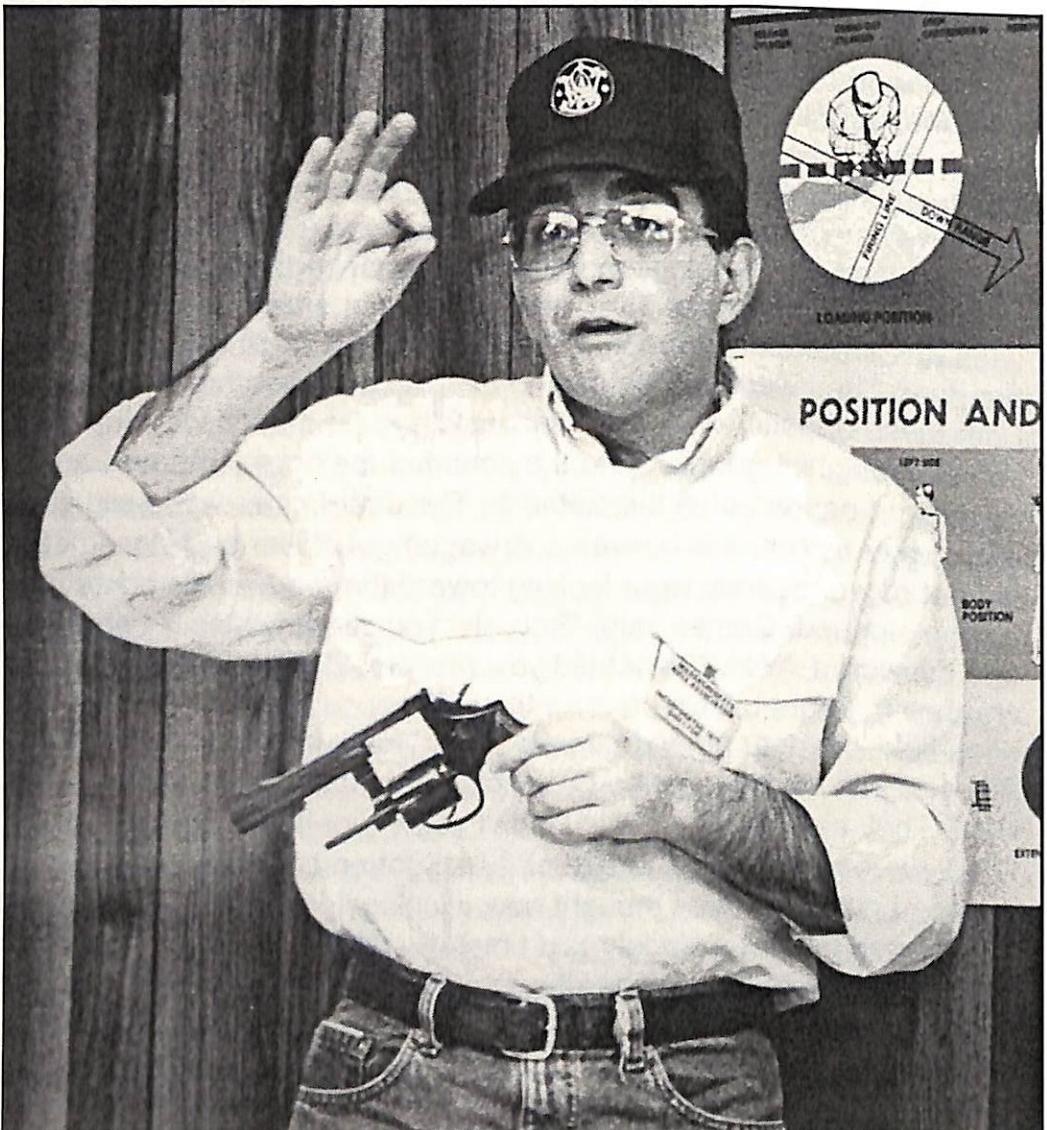
Part 2

Now, back to my story and the hunt. Fred continued up the road, for some time and decided to stop for a minute; he listened for sounds in the area. He was leaning next to a fallen tree. He rested up, for five to ten minutes and turned, and started back up the road. He heard a thump behind him. He turned and yelled, "Holy shit!" A bear was standing up behind him. Eye-to-eye they stared, for what seemed like hours. (It was just seconds!) Fred turned and ran. The bear turned with a growl and ran, too-but in the opposite direction! Ahhh, the adrenaline rush comes fast! Fred then thought for a second. I have the rifle not the bear! He stopped and turned to see the behind of the black bear as it crashed into the woods, tripping and falling as it got away from Fred. The bear had been hiding in the hollow log that Fred was leaning next to the whole time he had rested. Fred did not hear the bear nor smell it. When you can walk away from a bear-now, that's a good story!

As I dream on, and think about the Bob Rogers and John Coyne's hunting trip. It started as all the hunting trips do. We set up camp and gathered our stuff for the morning. As it was a long wagon ride we put out the oil lamps. Morning came fast it was 4:00 A. M. as we all began to stir; John opened his bag of candy. Alas, they were all gone! There was a hole in the side of the bag-the mouse attack was fast and furious! They took it all! Then, we heard a bang-the thump of Bob Rogers' foot. "Got one," he shouted, as he held up a mouse with a piece of candy. The hunt was on! We caught twenty-five mice in two days. Not bad for a hunting trip to Maine!

No one heard or saw a thing until Friday, when John and Bob went down the road, talking right along. They walked for one-and-a-half hours, got to the end, stopped, and started to look around. Bob said, "Look! A deer over in the brush." John asked, "Where is it?" Bob pointed at it. "I don't see it, Bob." (Bob can sense movement from the corner of his eye.) When they stopped, Bob and John were still talking out loud. "He's over there," Bob pointed. "I still can't see him." The Big Buck was frozen, not moving a hair, thinking he still could not be seen from thirty feet away. Bob said, "I can smell him." Then John caught a flicker of movement from the Buck's ear. John said, "Bob, shoot him!" "No, you shoot him!" They talked back and forth for at least five minutes. Finally, John said, "OK." He took a bullet from his shirt pocket,

the camp. He has a 45-70 Marlin on his shoulder. He has a gift for the hunt, and is a person who would do anything for you including giving you the shirt off his own back, if necessary! At the time I had known Fred for over twenty years. As we started in the printing trade, working at Daniels Printing Co. In Boston and I later started a publishing company.

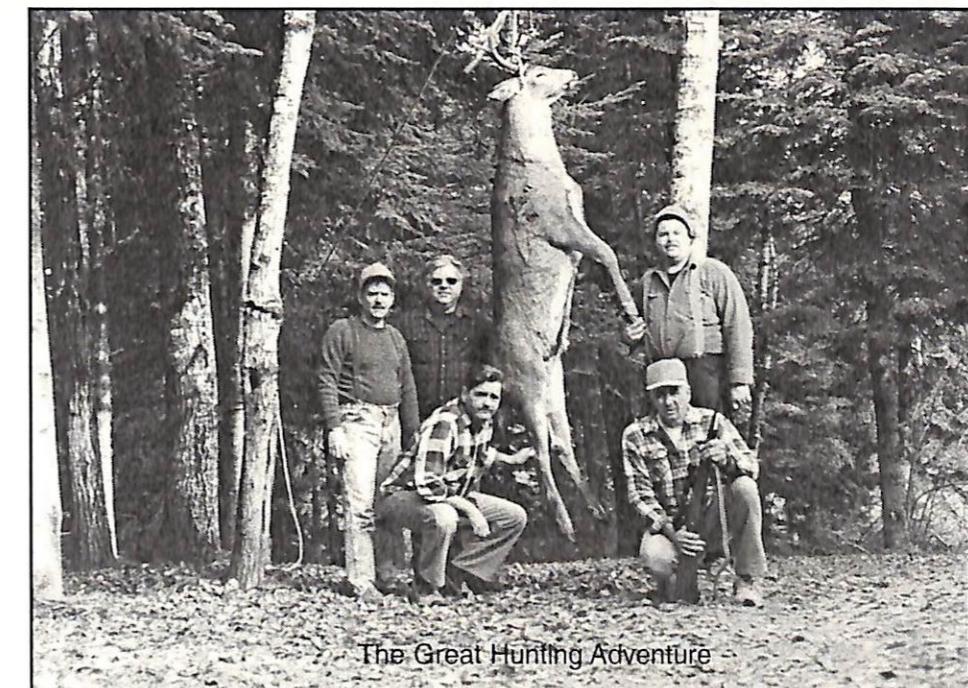


Fred M. Fazio

opened his ballard Rifle dropped the 45-70 cartridge in to the chamber and closed the action. He held the rifle to his shoulder and fired. He could not see which direction the Buck was standing, so he took a guess; then, fired Boom as the smoke was clearing he heard a crash and a thud in the heavy brush. There was no further sound or movement. Bob said, "You got him, John!" As he walked into the heavy brush, and yelled, "He's a monster buck!" Then John rushed into the brush. "What do we do now, Bob?" They started to drag the buck out of the woods. He was so big and heavy-nearly impossible to move. They finally pulled him to the road. It seemed like it took hours to pull the deer thirty feet, but they finally succeeded. "Bob, have you ever cleaned a deer?" "No John" "Well, what do we do, Bob?" Bob said he had an instruction sheet, and opened an 8 1/2 x 11 piece of paper to reveal just what to do to clean a deer. He took out his knife, cut the testicles, and so it began. He slit it up the middle and dumped the guts and gore, and cut the wind pipe. When he was done, he was covered with blood from head to foot. It was getting dark. They needed help to get it back to camp. Bob began walking; for over an hour some time later, he ran into some deer hunters on horses back going down the road. He told them of their dilemma, and the hunters gave him a ride back to the camp to get help. The rest, as they say, is history! Ahhh, the passion and the excitement for the hunt up in Northern Maine! The buck was the biggest deer shot in Ashland that year-350 pounds, dressed out. What a monster! As we celebrated at the 4 Seasons Hotel and Restaurant that night, we were all tired. We slept soundly later on. Not even the scamper of a mouse stirred our sleep! John is the best of the best, "Old Dead Eye!"

On a side trip up the Realtie Road Bob Rogers and I have rode on horse back, it's the road to the Allagash wilderness. There are hundreds of ponds and lakes up there fishing, hunting, and loggings are the games. As we ride on the winding roads, wagons caring logs moving on this road all day long. We stop at Loon Lake and have some lunch as we rest the horses and enjoy the view of the lake, and see fish "swimming" we hear some rustling in the brush to our right out of the brush comes a rabbit bleeding in the rear leg running for his life, not fare behind him is a large Gray wolf running at top speed to get his lunch as he sees us he runs off to the right and the rabbit is saved

for the time being. We finish lunch and pack up our gear and ride on to Christmas Tree Ridge, with pines as far as you can see. Next stop, the large, clear cut, in an area of five miles of stumps. A small group of tall pines are left in the middle of the area for seeding. We stop and look at the river. We are on a ridge, with a six hundred foot drop. Below us, is a fast running River. With rapids and small Niagara's, sharp cut ravines and babbling brooks we pause and look at the beautiful country. This is what North America is all about! We decide to hunt in this area for the day. We split up, and decide to meet back at the clear cut at sunset in about five hours. Bob rides down the road; I ride in to the tall pines I ride for an hour; finally, I find a good spot. I tie up my horse Cindy and settle in and check my Ballard rifle and my .45 Long Colt Pistol as I sit, watching and waiting, there is not a sound. As the setting sun gets lower and lower, it's time to get back to the clear cut. I hear a Wolf howl in the distance; a moose calling. The night has come to life! Bob and I meet back at the clear cut and head back to camp. As we ride, we see deer and wolves in fields alongside the road. The sky is clear and the moon is full. The stars light the sky. What a country!



The Great Hunting Adventure

E. E. Patridge

The next story is from E. E. Patridge. Early last November I was going up the Aroostook River by the tote road, my revolver hanging from my belt, and a rifle strapped to the dunnage on the tote sled. We were bound for atkins camps on the headwaters of the Aroostook. My guide Farley was leading the way, and in the rear came the tote team, and myself.

We heard a shot, and two or three minutes later we came to where Mr. farley stood at the edge of a little clearing, forty or fifty yards square, where logs had been yarded on some previous winter's lumber operation. Across the clearing lay a big deer, which had surrendered to Farley's bullet, and standing by were two smaller ones. The group made a pretty picture, and we stood watching it for a minute or two.

I had been saying that I wanted an easy shot at a small deer to try my revolver, and the guides said I wouldn't have a better chance. At last fearing that my refusal to shoot might be attributed to lack of confidence in my marksmanship, I fired for the shoulder of one of them. He picked up a forefoot, made two or three jumps, and stopped in the edge of the woods. I fired again, and then he thought it was time to go. I followed him 100 yards or so, and found him still on his feet, and fired a third time, He made another run of perhaps forty yards, and dropped.

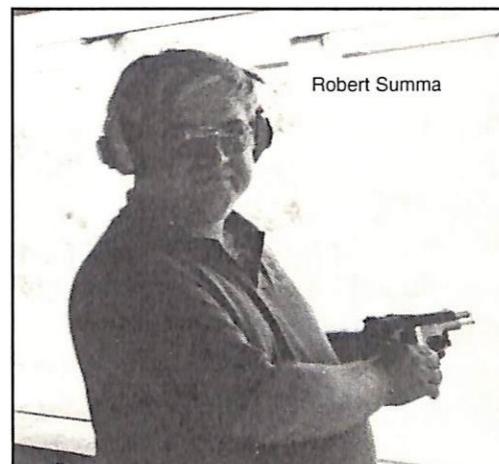
The post mortem examination revealed a wound in the nigh foreleg three or four inches below the shoulder joint, but the leg bone was intact. A wound in the shoulder by a bullet, which shattered the shoulder blade, pierced the heart and liver, and disappeared through the skin on the other side. This shoulder hit was as effective as one could ask. If it had been the bullet from a factory cartridge the deer would probably have walked with a limp for a day or two, but I doubt if we should have seen any of his chops on the table at camp.

I have tried my experiment with the revolver as a hunting weapon, and shall not repeat it. My confidence in it is increased, but still I think the hunter should use the most effective weapon at his command. Don't use a revolver if a rifle may be needed to kill the game.

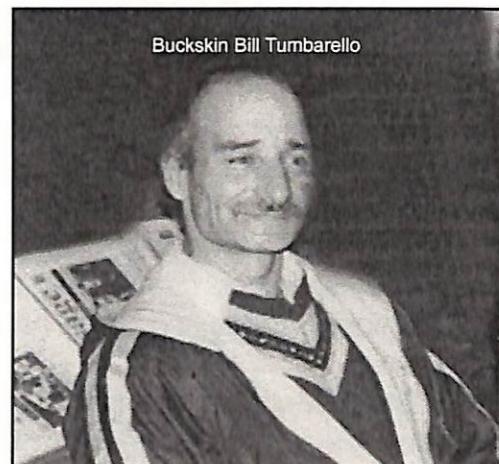
Probably every person with a normal mind has more or less desire to show off. In a politer phrase do something worthy of praise or admiration; no other pastime with which I am familiar will so excite the

wonder of the uninitiated, as even a passable proficiency with the pistol will enable one to perform feats seemingly marvelous. Those having an acquaintance with the accurate target weapon. A fine score on a regulation target; at the prescribed distance, means little, as the remarks are always directed toward the tack hole shot or the one nearest to the point. The consensus of opinion, would be that all should be about there; but knock the neck off a bottle or a pebble off the wall, or make some theatrical single shot, even if you declare it was largely a luck shot, and your reputation in that locality is made.

I recall shooting at a spark hole in a white canvas tent by the light of the campfire, in the wilds of Nova Scotia, one stormy October night. The hole was of good size, the light perfect, with the white tent showing up against the blackness of night. But close to the hole hung a watch, which the owner gazed upon as last. As the gleaming pistol barrel fell into line, apparently aimed directly at it, and my friend and companion said his eyes fairly stuck out with wonder. The first shot and several others showed only the slight cuts on the edge of the hole, and I was treated thereafter with profound consideration. My friend insisted that it was the finest shooting he had ever witnessed, and could not be convinced that it was not a difficult feat; but after returning to civilization he was induced to take up pistol work, and can make as fine a score as most of us, and of course knows better now.



Robert Summa



Buckskin Bill Tumbarello

The Pistol for Amusement & Patridge Sight

The next story is from E. E. Patridge. It is a fine story on the Pistol for Amusement and the development of the Patridge sight.

The pistol, meaning by this' the single shot weapon instead of the revolver, and in this article the .22 caliber arm, taking the. Long-rifle cartridge has capabilities for amusement, at odd moments of leisure, not fully appreciated by the public generally.

The idea usually conveyed by the term pistol is that of an instrument of destruction, the gun of the typical bad man of the Wild West, the revolver of the despairing suicide, the deadly weapon of the masked burglar, or the side arm of the soldier. These being mostly for use,' or misuse, against a fellow mortal, have such a sinister significance that the stigma usually attaches' to the smaller and comparatively inoffensive arm, which thus gets a bad name it little deserves. My Smith & Wesson, slender, graceful, well-balanced, and finely finished, and with its slight' snappy bark and hardly perceptible recoil; but slightly resembles its big, burly, noisy, kicking brother, the large caliber revolver.

It' is not a weapon of offense or defense, but simply a handy little instrument of precision, easy to become acquainted with, although difficult to master; while the effort to match its accuracy with equal skill in using, and always falling a little short of what is expected, or, at least, hoped for, leaves something still in reserve to strive for, and is not this true enjoyment?

Few sports are so well adapted to the average person, notwithstanding the almost universal notion that a pistol shot is an exceptional being, born with an aptitude for accurate shooting, thus possessing a natural skill which the ordinary individual cannot hope to attain.

This I believe to be a fallacy, as I hold that good shots are made by hard work and not "born so" as the little darky was who scorned the appellation of "colored."

No other branch of shooting rewards persistent and intelligent practice so quickly; the neophyte soon finds himself so far advanced that he begins to scorn scores which he at first thought' impossible to equal.

Pistol shooting requires no exceptional strength, but rather delicacy of touch, and so is particularly fitted for persons of sedentary habits and for women and young people. Many so-called, nervous persons

become excellent shots, their very sensitiveness often proving a help rather than a hindrance. I recall a conversation with my near friend, the late Arthur Gould, whose advice and encouragement were of great advantage to me in my days of first effort in this line. He said that he had seldom known of a fine pistol shot that was not of a nervous, sensitive temperament, and thought such an organization almost a necessity for the finest work.

Nearly every one can without practice do passable work with a rifle, while the first attempt with a pistol usually confirms the opinion of the beginner that he "cannot hit a barn door." These first attempts are usually made with unfit weapons, which would be the despair of the most expert. Usually the weapon will be pocket revolver with short barrel, impossible trigger pull, and crude sights, which have not been properly adjusted and which would cause the bullet to go wide of the mark, even if the other defects did not exist.

Visits to ranges or galleries frequented by expert shots will, of course, enable one to learn quickly how to set about the task; but those unable to avail themselves of this help can become good shots if willing to work. Range or gallery practice with prize competitions, and an occasional team match, to try the nerves of the contestants, is a great, but not the only pleasure to be derived from the sport. Indeed, I think that the use of the pistol on vacation trips has given me nearly as much enjoyment as its more methodical use at the range. When going from home, even for only a day or two, the pistol and a few boxes of cartridges occupy but little space in a grip, and in my fifteen years' experience with this weapon, seldom have I gone out of town without it.

Exercise of care in the location of the target and proper attention to the often unreasonable prejudices of those who object to the use of any and all fire arms in their vicinity, will enable one to find a suitable place in nearly any location outside city or village limits.

Although fifty yards is the usual distance for open air practice, I have derived as much benefit from shooting at shorter ranges. At our Maine camp we have a thirty-yard range, the targets being placed on a box of earth which forms an effective back stop for the light bullets. The firing point is on the east piazza, sheltered from the prevailing west wind, with the targets on the north, so that the sun is behind the

shooter. A powerful telescope mounted on a tripod enables us to spot the shots as fired, so that a trip to the target is only necessary after about ten shots are fired, when the holes are covered with pasters, or a fresh target put in place by adjusting strips of wood which are screwed to the corners, and which can be quickly swung over the edges of the paper, holding the target firmly, even in a lively breeze.

For use on a hunting trip, the pistol carried in a holster hanging from the belt, is a useful adjunct to the rifle, as grouse can be shot through the body without injuring the meat, and the slight report will not alarm the large game. In camp, no end of fun can be had in practicing, using empty tins, bottles, spots on trees, or pebbles placed on stumps for marks. Many an otherwise tiresome day, when hunting conditions are unfavorable, may be agreeably passed in this way. Several guides have been so much pleased with the hardiness of my pistol, that they commissioned me to procure second-hand ones for them. One, a gatherer of spruce gum, carries his in a long pocket of his trousers and takes no other weapon, using this to pot partridges for food.

It is very easy to keep one of these weapons in good order, if it is properly cleaned after every day's use; but neglect of this precaution will quickly ruin it for fine work. I find two brass cleaning rods handy, one with a knob on one end to hold the swab, the other with slot for greasy rag. Each rod has a ring in one end for convenience in manipulating. Commencing with a dab of absorbent cotton moistened with 3-in-One oil, following with several dry ones, and finally running the greasy rag through several times, the arm is fit to put away, if to be used again shortly. If it is to be laid aside for a time, another similar cleaning will be necessary after a day or two, and then it may be kept in a dry place for an indefinite period without rusting.

At the range, when shooting continuously for several hours, a brass scratch brush is useful, as the barrel occasionally gets clogged, especially in dry cold weather, although blowing through the bore after every shot will usually keep it from freezing up.

With a smooth trigger pull of from two to three pounds, large sights which can be seen without effort and either the long-rifle or the Peters Stevens-Pope-Armory cartridges, the best results can be obtained either at the target or in the fields and woods. For use in the dimly

lighted woods an ivory post, as a facing for the front sight, will make it possible to get a good aim when often the regular black sight could not be seen.

Naturally I pin my faith to the so-called Patridge sight, a combination which was evolved from a long series of experiments, and which has had the approval of many of our best shots. These sights are now furnished by Smith & Wesson on request, but the order should specify that the front sight should be at least 7-100 of an inch thick, and the square cut in the rear at least 1-100 of an inch wider (or 8-100 of an inch); and for a beginner a trifle more of difference between the thickness of the front and the width of rear notch is desirable, as that would allow of a trifling unsteadiness in holding, without losing the front sight entirely.

The uninitiated should be particular to get the long-rifle cartridge and not the .22 long or extra long, as the last two are not to be compared to the former in accuracy, although I have found country dealers carrying them to the exclusion of the former, thinking them the most powerful of the .22's.

The Stevens-Pope-Armory cartridge is practically the long-rifle slightly improved, as the bullet does not remain in the rifling if the cartridge is removed without firing.

If some one would devise a method of carrying these cartridges with exposed lubricant, so that they can be readily used in the field, they would confer a great favor on many of us who have fished them out of the dust and lint of a coat pocket only to find them enormously increased in size, and resembling nothing except possibly gigantic buffalo bugs.

The article in our Christmas Number, entitled The Pistol for Amusement, has resulted in many requests for further information regarding the sights with which Mr. Patridge has achieved such excellent results. The following is consequently reprinted from Shooting and Fishing, issue of January 13, 1898. (See page 48)

One of the correspondents of Shooting and Fishing recently asked others to explain their methods of sighting their pistols and revolvers. I have made a few rough sketches illustrating my notions, as it is much easier to show what you mean in this way. Figures 1, 2, and 3 show the two sights as applied to the Smith & Wesson weapons, and as

near their actual size as I am able to draw them, while No. 4 shows the two sights and the bull's-eye as they appear to the eye when in their proper relative positions, with the weapon held with the arm fully extended, the position adopted by all shooters whom I have noticed.

The front sight will probably appear too many as unnecessarily coarse, but exhaustive experiments have convinced me that it is none too broad, and Dr. Bell and other experts have arrived at the same conclusion. My theory is that a proper open sight is one which the eye can grasp definitely without straining and which will inform the shooter instantly of any error in holding. The eye with this sight sees, when the weapon is perfectly held, a straight black bar with two narrow lines of light pointing up to the black spot (the bull's-eye), and one soon finds that if either line of light disappears as the trigger is pressed the shot will be found on that side of the target. Any break in the symmetry of the top line of the bar will also result in either high or low shots, a "jag" or projection producing the former and a "sag" the latter. Some want to see a space between the bar and the bull, but I like to hold close to it, feeling safe if the circle appears intact, and knowing that if it gets irregular I am holding up into it.

Until I devised this combination I used to occasionally lose my front sight or mistake some shadow in the rear sight for it, but now I never have this trouble

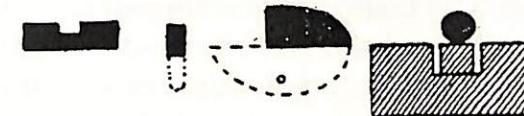
Although my eyes are not sharp in looking off, I can get good results when shooting at dusk when others have been unable to distinguish their fine sights, making 94, 92, and 93 consecutively on the Standard American target at fifty yards for three closing scores under these conditions recently.

The individual shooter should adapt the opening in his rear sight to his own peculiarities of sight and holding, as if he finds the opening too narrow so that it rattles him trying to keep both lines, intact, he should make it wider, and when his holding improves he can reduce it until he finally has as fine a sight, judged by the accuracy of the definition, as any made. If the rear sight is a thick bar the opening should be beveled, leaving the flat side toward the eye, but without disturbing the rectangular shape of the opening this is not necessary on Smith & Wesson sights. Be careful to have the square end of the front sight toward the eye, and not the rounding, as is generally found on factory

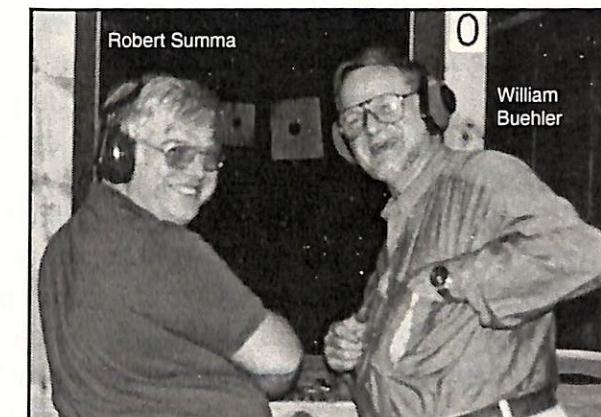
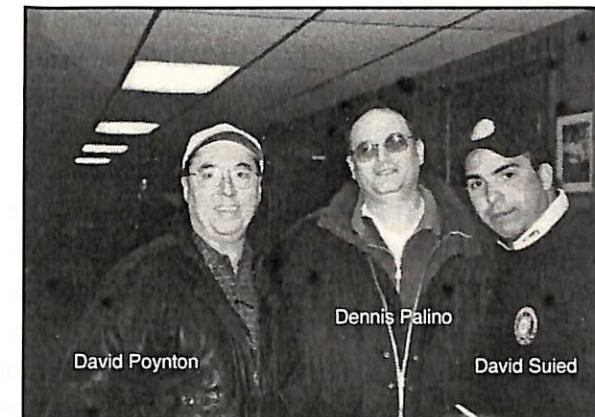
sights, as the first method gives, a sharp, well-defined line, while the latter. Leads to uncertainty and vexation.

When sights get worn and gray, blacken them with smoke from burning a lump of camphor gum. I trust these points will help some one to raise his scores.

1. 2. 3. 4.



The Patridge Revolver Sights 1903



Revolver & Pistol Hunting

A. L. A. Himmelwright's Story on Revolver and Pistol Hunting.

He is a good friend of E. E. Partridge as they both have served as president of the United States Revolver Association and had shot on the American team, when the French challenged America in Pistol shooting. Practical hunting with the revolver has not been indulged in to any great extent since the days of buffalo running on the Great Plains years ago. When buffalo were plentiful, hundreds were killed by horsemen riding alongside of them and shooting them at close range with a revolver, the revolver at that time being the favorite weapon for this purpose.

Nowadays the rifle and shotgun are used almost exclusively for hunting. Occasionally one hears of a deer or a bear being shot with a revolver, but all such instances are popularly supposed to be luck shots and under accidental conditions. For stalking deer and other large game, where comparatively long and quick shots are the rule, the rifle is unquestionably the most practical weapon to use. The revolver is, nevertheless, a most useful weapon for shooting from horseback, from a moving boat, out of a sleigh or carriage, for self-defense, and for hunting certain kinds of game.

Unfortunately, it is much more difficult to acquire skill with the pistol and revolver than with the rifle. The latter, having a butt stock to rest against the shoulder and steady one end, gives the shooter much better control of the weapon, enabling him to aim quickly and pull the trigger the instant that the sights are properly aligned. The revolver, being held in one hand, with the arm extended, is without anchor or support of any kind and is free to move in any direction. Consequently if the trigger is pulled hastily when the piece is properly sighted, it is likely to disturb the aim and cause a wild shot.

In shooting hand fire arms, the one important detail to master is the pulling of the trigger. Extreme care must be taken to keep the sights in correct alignment, while gradually increasing the pressure on the trigger until the arm is discharged. This is the whole secret of revolver shooting, either at game or at the target.

The pistol and revolver are best adapted for hunting small game, such as grouse, quail, snipe, woodchuck, duck, rabbits, woodcock, muskrat, etc. Occasionally a shot is obtained at a hawk, but almost invariably at so long a range that only an expert shot can hope to score.

The best makes of target arms, such as the Smith & Wesson and the Colt revolvers, and the Stevens, Remington, and Wurfflein pistols, are to be preferred for game shooting. A six or six and a half inch barrel for a revolver and a six to eight inch barrel for a pistol are the most serviceable lengths. The trigger pull should not be less than two pounds for pistols or two and a half pounds for revolvers.

An excellent load for grouse and other game, that is usually shot at distances less than thirty yards, is the .32 caliber spherical bullet, and five grains of black powder or its equivalent in smokeless powder. This is an effective, clean-killing charge, and very few birds that are hit get away. For longer distances than thirty yards the .38 caliber long Colt or Smith & Wesson special are to be preferred.

For game shooting the revolver should be sighted differently than for target practice. For the latter purpose it is generally desirable to have the sights so adjusted that in aiming, when the front sight is held so as to touch the lower edge of the bull's-eye, the bullet will strike in the center of the bull's-eye, some four or five inches higher at fifty yards. For hunting, the sights should be arranged so that the bullet strikes exactly where the piece is sighted. This enables the shooter to hold directly on the game at nearly any distance up to sixty five yards with full charges, and up to thirty-five yards with reduced charges.

After a little practice at long ranges, one soon gets accustomed to the trajectory of the charges, and can allow for it in the sighting and get good results. The front sight should be ivory or white metal, so as to insure good definition against a dark background.

Rapid fire shooting is of very little value in hunting. Experienced hunters, who can find the game and get a standing shot, taking deliberate aim, are generally most successful in hunting with the revolver. In my hunting trips I invariably take a Diamond model, .22 caliber Stevens pistol, with a six-inch barrel. This is a handy little weapon to carry, being light in weight and extremely accurate. I have shot many grouse, ducks, squirrels, quail, etc., with it, that I otherwise would not have bagged. It is particularly well adapted to carry on a fishing trip, where a heavy revolver would be in the way. The .22 caliber is not, however, quite large enough to be as effective as it should be for this purpose.

The presence of game affects the shooting of individuals quite

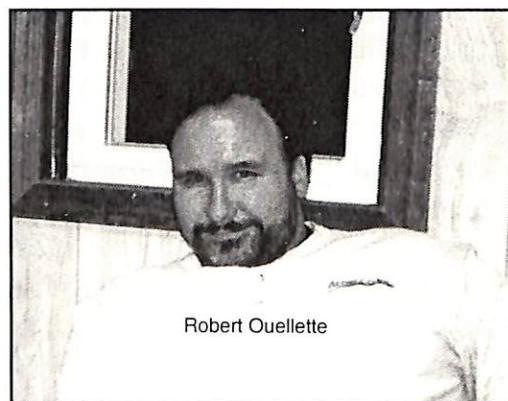
Part 3

differently. I have seen seasoned and exceptionally steady target shots do ridiculously wild shooting at game; while comparatively poor shots will frequently appear at their best when shooting at game.

An incident that occurred about ten years ago will serve as an illustration. A gentleman, who was a very good target shot with a pistol and could be depended on to place his shots in a two-inch bull's-eye with considerable regularity at twenty yards, went on a hunting trip to Idaho. The first day out the dogs flushed some fool hens into trees near the trail. These birds are a species of grouse and are so named because they will frequently allow persons to approach near enough to strike them with a stick. The gentleman referred to dismounted, walked directly up to the tree, took deliberate aim at one of the birds not over eight or nine feet from the muzzle of the revolver, and missed. The look of amazement that spread over his face was worth going a long distance to see. The bird was accommodating and sat still to await further developments. After recovering from his surprise, my friend took another shot with a like result, except that a few feathers floated out into the air at one side of the grouse, as it flew down the canon. He then took a shot at another bird about twelve feet distant and made a clean miss again.

"That settles it," he said, "The sights are moved or something else is wrong with the gun."

Nevertheless, after trying it at camp that evening, the revolver was found to be properly sighted and did excellent work at a target. After a few weeks, however, my friend developed into a good game shot and seldom missed any shots that he attempted.



As I get back to my story. Our attention was called to a man coming up the path from the lake where he had just moored his boat. This man would not fail to attract attention in any locality. He was dressed in a suit of buckskin, gaudily trimmed in Indian fashion. From underneath his large Spanish sombrero peered the brown visage and dark eyes of a man inured to the hard life of a woodsman. His long black hair was brushed neatly back from his forehead and appeared on his shoulders from beneath his huge hat. As he approached us, Bob Ouellette the proprietor of the hotel stepped forward and introduced the noted scout and famous guide, Buckskin Bill Tumbarello.

He is the hero of my story; let me further introduce him to you. In spite of his Indian attire and strange cognomen, he is a true Yankee. He is of small stature, and weighs about one hundred and thirty pounds. A large part of his sixty odd years has been spent in seeing the world. For six years he fought for Her Majesty in far away India, and during the Civil War he followed the Stars and Stripes for Uncle Sam. (See page 88)

He is thoroughly acquainted with western pioneer life, where he has had many a fight with Indians and wild animals. He may well know, in short, the full meaning of the word danger. He is justly celebrated as one of the best crack shot riflemen in the United States, having proven his skill by giving public exhibitions in many cities.

We soon engaged him for our guide, and after all things were ready we started for a day's fishing on the lake. Where we remained most of the time, having had great luck fishing. One afternoon we left Anglers retreat about 4 o'clock, and walked to B pond, four miles away. Lisbeth was wearing her woods costume; it is a hunting and fishing suit. It is designed by her, and found to be very convenient when going on a rough tramp. The skirt can be taken off when clear of camp, which leaves madam in knickerbockers, or rather loose fitting zouave trousers, and she is free to stride over logs or other obstacles. When ready to return to camp the skirt is reclaimed from the pack she feels that women interested in a costume for the woods will no doubt be glad to know something more of this hunting and fishing suit, as Terry Sirignano has made several suits and has sold them at \$2.58 cents a fair price, it has gotten the fisher Women's fancy, as Terry has sent to Boston for more material for she has a back order

The Tale of the Grizzly

list in her fine dry and fancy goods, store. As we continue our story as we have walked to B pond it has taken us one hour to walk four miles. There Lisbeth made six cast, and landed six trout, the largest 3 ½ pounds, and the smallest was 2 ½ pounds in weight. The fish were all taken with a brown hackle and a 2 ounce rod; we walked back, and were ready for supper at 6 o'clock. What fisherman would not be proud of such a record? The next morning we started for snow pond where we had great bass fishing, and in one hour, with a scarlet Ibis for a fly Lisbeth landed seventeen black bass; the largest weighed 5 pounds, and the smallest 2 ¾ pounds. I took four of the largest having landed a 3-pound trout. Lisabeth using her Kodak, photographed a number of deer, moose, bob cats, fisher cats, and trout jumping the falls. Lisabeth found the fly fishing excellent and took 140 trout "we had all we wanted; I took 113."

As we get back to the Walnut Grand Hotel Hotel we decide to do some fishing with Sandy and Bob Ouellette on the boat dock behind the hotel, Bob is fishing with a cheap ash pole and using a hand fashioned Angle worm of Izaak Walton, we get enough trout for the table and of just the proper eating size. Just before we arrived, on one of those exceptional days when the fish will bite at anything from sinker to bare hook, Sandy Ouellette was startled by working a six and a half pound Salmon. To say she was surprised is to state it mildly, but she is a veteran horsewoman and used to high steppers, and so with a firm hand on the rod, she landed her prize safely, and as she generously donated him to the table we had an ample share of this delicious table fish perfectly cooked by Shelby and Emma Ouellette that evening at supper at the Walnut Grand Hotel. Yesterday while Jerry Ouellette and I were out trolling Don Ouellette, while fishing from the Walnut Grand Hotel wharf with an ash pole, struck a fish and with the assistance of 'Lisbeth, who handled the net, landed what proved to be a five pound Salmon. Mine host Bob Ouellette as he stands on the piazza of the hotel facing the lake contemplates the many sportsman with guide, boat and expensive tackle angling vainly for the elusive Salmon, Chuckles and says. "It is to laugh ain't it?" We find out that many of the rooms of the Hotel are full, and the camps are now filling up with summer boarders, and from different camping grounds will come the stories of their adventures. The cottages too are fully occupied. There is room for hundreds more, with no fear of crowding in this part of the Maine wilderness.

Lisabeth and I became more and more interested in Buckskin Bill. His quiet, unobtrusive manner won our respect, and we invited him to remain in camp with us during our stay.

In the evening Lisabeth and I were talking and swapping fish stories, when Buckskin Bill said he would relate a bit of experience, if we cared to have him. We could easily perceive that he had some good Story for us, and we were willing to pay attention. Indeed, after he gets well into his story we could do nothing else, and felt thankful that we had our Winchesters for company. On retiring, we securely fastened all doors, lest bruin himself should enter.

Let me relate his tale to you, let me say that I have taken the trouble of authenticating his bear story and found that it is based on facts, so that the reader may be assured that Buckskin Bill had a real fight against terrible odds. (See page 90)

You see, he began, I was guiding last fall for deer hunters. In October I made an engagement with a preacher for a week. It's seldom we get a minister, although other professions are well represented in the sporting fraternity, but this one was a good chap, and we became quite chummy.

On the night of October 16, 1898 there came a few inches of snow, just what we had been praying for; it is easy to track deer then, you know. In the morning we decided to go up toward Old Bald Mountain to see if luck wouldn't favor us. After we had tramped a short distance into the woods, we decided to separate, he going to my right toward Brush hill, while I continued on the East Side of the valley toward the mountain.

About eleven o'clock I came to an old blown-up "What the Dickens is that?" interjected Ralf Buckskin Bill laughed and then proceeded to explain that it was an area of timber that had been blown up by some cyclone winds such as often prevail in the fall of the year. In some of them the trees are so entangled that it is almost impossible to go through them.

Well, continued Bill, the trees here had fallen in a very peculiar manner. Just as I had made up my mind to walk out around this tangle, I caught sight of some tempting spruce gum on a small tree, which had remained standing. This tree stood at the point of a V-shaped tangle of trees. That gum I must have, thought I, and

proceeded to pick out my way to it through the brush. I little thought that I was really entering a trap which nature had artfully made and so temptingly baited.

I placed my trusty rifle against the trunk of the tree and commenced digging gum with my pocketknife. I had secured enough for a chew, when a slight rustling caused me to look round. What did I see? I could hardly believe my eyes. Approaching stealthily from the opening of the V were five hungry looking Grizzly bears two old ones and three cubs about two-thirds grown. These doubtless constituted the whole family, and I think now that they must have been hard up to think of making a dinner out of me. This was evidently what they had in mind, for they did not flee on being discovered.

My repeater a Winchester 45/110 was in my hands almost instantly, and instinctively I brought it to my shoulder, but I waited for a favorable opportunity before firing, as I wanted every shot to count. With a snarl that meant trouble the old she bear paused, turning her head toward me to inspect her cornered game. This was my chance, and firing, I shot her dead right between the eyes. Seeing their mother drop, the cubs whined and began to retreat. My second shot brought down one of them. My third shot was fired at one of the cubs whose body was partly concealed by trees. This shot only wounded him. I tell you it was getting rather exciting about this time. The sudden breaking of a dead limb caused me to look over my shoulder, and there, close upon me, was the old he bear standing upon his hind feet. He was advancing with savage growls. I can see now the fire of his eye and the glint of his bloodthirsty mouth. He was thoroughly enraged at the havoc I had already made in his family. He had no idea that I was acting in self-defense; I could not run for I was in a pen. Besides I was suffering from an attack of asthma. My companion was out of hearing, range and what could I do but fight? However, I must confess that his nearness to me was slightly embarrassing. He didn't seem to care but waddled along, fully determined to avenge the death of his wife and child. Much quicker than it takes to tell it, I worked the lever of my rifle, only to find that the magazine was empty, and that I had just fired my last shot. Imagine my feelings when I realized the awful position I was in.

Here was a Grizzly right at the muzzle of my Winchester 45/110

that had never before failed me, yet it was powerless, and no wonder that he had no fear of it. What was I to do? He was so near that he commenced cuffing at me with those huge paws which were filled with ugly looking claws; in the next instant he would have embraced me in his Titan-like grasp. Death never seemed nearer, although I have faced the war-painted savage, and have fought on many a field. My knife! The one Larry Hartnett made for me with a 9-inch blade. My hunting knife! Yes, it was in my belt. While I was pulling it out with my left hand. The Grizzly cuffed me with his paw, slightly cutting my wrist. Before I could get my knife into my right hand, he hit me again. This blow cut the leather binding on my sombrero and tore my hunting jacket. You see he was getting mighty familiar. By this time it was my turn, without further ceremony I dealt him a blow with all the strength I could command, it was a strike for life, and a man will strike hard. I was fortunate in thrusting the 9-inch razor sharp blade to the shaft in such a place that bold Grizzly, the maddened brute, lost his balance and fell backwards. In explanation, I will say that it does not take much of a blow to force the Grizzly over when he attempts to walk like a man. I was greatly surprised at this turn of affairs, although I knew he was seriously wounded.

I now hustled some cartridges, which the Grizzly hitherto had forbidden, into the magazine of my rifle. I expected when he recovered his equilibrium that he would renew his attack, as the wound, which I had given him, would only serve to aggravate him. He renewed his attack I fired at him and I shot into his bloodthirsty mouth and shot him dead. In my exhausted condition I sat down to rest and view my three members of the Grizzly bear family, it was a sight to behold. The wound in my wrist had covered me with blood, and my clothing was in rags.

I started for the house, arriving there in about one hour in such a condition as to frighten the landlady. I told my story as quickly as I could and soon the valley knew of my morning's luck at deer hunting. Kind neighbors with hand sleds accompanied me to the spot in the afternoon, and helped me bring out the three dead Grizzly bears. Leading away from the shambly scene were the tracks of two bears, one, which left red stains on the snow.

I took the Grizzly bears to Boston, where I sold the carcasses and

E. E. Patridge Woodchuck Hunting

Story E. E. Patridge Woodchuck Hunting. One fine May day Dr. and Mrs. Baker and Lisbeth and myself took the train from Boston to come here to the home of Medicus. Woodchuck were the ostensible objects of our trip, and rifles of all calibers were much in evidence. Dr. Baker took his .28 Pope Stevens, and will shoot a hollow point bullet. I took a .32-40 Ballard for myself and a .25-20 Maynard, for Lisbeth, after a pleasant trip across Massachusetts and through the Hoosac tunnel, we found ourselves gliding through the meadows beyond Williamstown, all rubbering for a glimpse of the first chuck. Before long the doctor said, "There's one running along the meadow over there;" and after straining our eyes and our faculties to the utmost we finally discovered the chubby red body trotting along. After our first introduction to his majesty we found little difficulty in locating these little fellows when the doctor's sharp eyes had discovered them, and finally we all managed to see one without being coached.

We arrived at the station in good season to find Medicus and his daughter awaiting us. I had imagined that a man old enough to have celebrated his golden wedding would be somewhat bowed down with years and decrepit, but was, consequently, surprised when I found Medicus as spry and jolly as a middle aged man. Having in mind our Massachusetts Rifle Association veterans. J. N. Frye and Salem Wilder, both young men in their felling and habits and in their enthusiastic devotion to the range I wonder if there is not something in the sport which keeps them young.

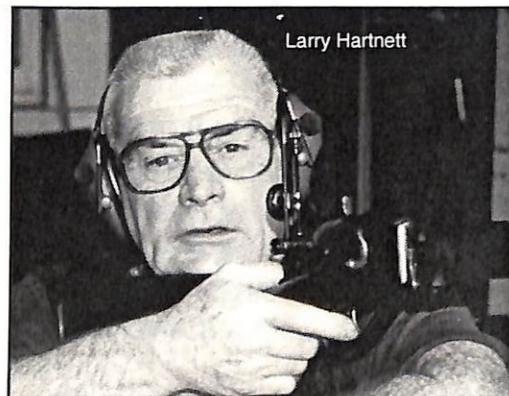
After looking up our baggage we were escorted to quarters kindly engaged for us by Medicus in the Fitchburg house. The landlady obligingly gave up her own apartments to our party, so that we had a spacious sitting room, with two bedrooms opening from it, for our exclusive use. A beefsteak supper, with great many potatoes, put us all in the best of spirits. After pulling out the contents of our trunks to give our better halves occupation for the evening in stowing them away, the doctor and I sallied out to look up some of his old acquaintances, fellow rifle and woodchuck enthusiasts.

The forenoon of our first day we devoted to loading cartridges, the doctor taking his Ideal loader to Medicus den and carefully compounding those little but effective doses for his rifle which are so famous in bringing down the wily chuck. The doctor's rifle, a .28

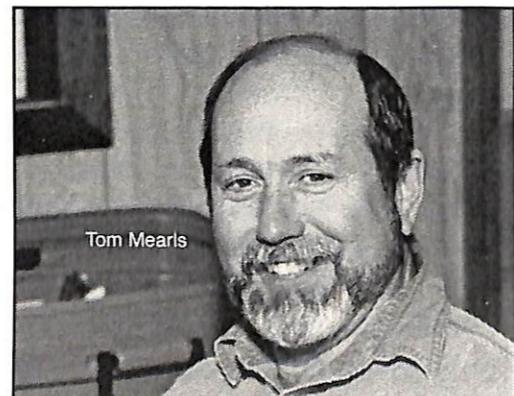
skins for a good sum. I should not, however, want to take my chances for the same money again. My advice to all that roam these wilds is to carry a good knife and a full magazine. Had it not been for my knife, it is very probable that you would have had another guide here tonight.

This has been the Greatest Adventure at our summer home. We had made lots of friends in the village and enjoyed the hunting and fishing all summer. Lisbeth and I enjoyed the hot springs in the mountain cavern as the spring relaxed you and the minerals in the hot spring felt good. We had made several trips to the hot springs this summer and will return next year.

As the train leaves Walnut Village station, we wave good by to all our friends. Lisbeth said she would start shooting a pistol at Walnut Hill, Lisbeth went out a few times early in the season, shooting a pistol on three days and improving rapidly, raising her scores from 74 for her best the first day to 86 the last day. This last score had only one shot out of the 8-inch bullseye, a 7, and I felt confident she would make a fine shot in time. But this day she got a chill, and was quite ill for several days, and now I cannot induce her to go out until milder weather prevails. Her pet rest rifle, which we have named Old Victory, was refractory when last she shot it, in June, and we are not sure we have discovered just what ails it. Lisbeth insists that a rifle is like a woman. "When she will she will, and when she won't she won't and that's the end O' t". So we are letting it rest until spring, when she will go gunning for the Columbia 1's necessary in winning the Walnut Hill gold shield medal, when we get back to Civilization. We close our Eye's for the long journey home. I will dream of Woodchuck hunting.



Larry Hartnett



Tom Mearns

caliber Stevens with a Pope barrel, is probably about as near perfection for a chuck gun as is now obtainable. It has double set triggers and is mounted with a high power Mogg telescope sight, which enables him to pick out a woodchuck at a long distance, even when only showing the top of his head; and also when the game is stalked to within a reasonable shooting distance enables him to hold on the exact spot necessary to hit and kill the animal instantly.

The doctor is nothing if not an enthusiast, loading his cartridges with three kinds of powder, DuPont No. 1 for priming, GG Semi-Smokeless for the second layer, and FFG Semi-Smokeless for the last. He uses hollow point bullets cast by Spencer, of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, seated in the shell with a Pope loader. He designed and made a cartridge carrier which answers the purpose admirably. He bought a .44 caliber woven cartridge belt and lined each pocket with an aluminum tube, cut the proper length and corked at the lower end. The upper end has four vertical cuts, each about an inch deep, so that when the cartridge is thrust into this tube it spreads it open just enough to hold the bullet effectually from dust and from being forced out of the shell. The bullet projects from the shell about two-thirds its length, so that when the cartridges are inserted in the chamber the bullet enters the barrel sufficiently to seat it well in the rifling.

Naturally the Pope system of driving the bullet down from the muzzle cannot be followed in the field, but this method of the doctor's seems to produce extremely accurate shooting. The holes in the muzzle for the pins of the false muzzle are filled with pins which are left projecting, giving a formidable bristling effect which would serve admirably as a weapon of offense if needed.

Medicus' den is a study, and it would take pages of Shooting and Fishing to hold an adequate description of its contents. Fire arms of novel design and construction adorn the walls, from the fowling piece with a 50 inch barrel to the complete gun constructed of only four pieces of metal, including the lock, stock and barrel. Target, both originals and copies, are everywhere, interspersed with photographs of prominent riflemen friends and correspondents of the genial physician. Loading apparatus, swages, benches and ingenious tools of all kinds abound, while bullets new and others that have been shot and

show fearful and wonderful changes, are all about.

Medicus' daughter and Lisbeth decided to try woodchuck hunting by them selves in a field next to the farm near their property. They walk for some time enjoying the flowers, fresh air, and the birds singing as they go over to the next field near the out side edges they see some woodchucks eating. Miss Mabel Skinner gets in a sitting position she is using one of her farther rifles a .32-40 Stevens and a rifle rest, they decided to shoot at the woodchucks at the same time. Lisbeth gets in a sitting position and using cross sticks for a rifle rest looks through her Siddle rifle scope and settles down aiming her rifle at the largest woodchuck in the group she put the cross hairs on him and she counts to three and they both fire at the same time the rifles sing out with a roar Bang-Bang when the smoke clears she has her first woodchuck as a prize. Miss Mabel Skinner has a good size woodchuck also as they enjoy this great hunting adventure the tails are becoming plentiful after shooting 10 woodchucks each they decide to go back to the house and wait for the hunters to return home.

After dinner Dr. Baker took me out for my first lesson in woodchuck shooting, the afternoon promising to be fine. We wandered down the railroad track, keeping a sharp outlook for game in the fields on either side. Soon the doctor saw our quarry. "There he is right on that hill-side just beyond that stump." After starting a moment in the direction indicated. I saw an object, which might, to my unaided vision, be almost anything from a stone to a stump; but on bringing my scope to bear I saw it was a woodchuck sitting on a mound and gazing anxiously at us. Under the doctor's coaching I rested my rifle on the strands of the barbed wire fence, and after trying for some time in vain to get into a comfortable and steady position, I finally pressed the trigger. When the smoke cleared away, the chuck was still sitting on its mound. "Shot over him." Said the doctor; "try him again." Another shot sent the dirt flying about the chuck's ears, and down it went.

We kept on down the track, alternating the lead with three young men who had evidently been looking upon the wine when it was red; one of the party, being much the worse for wear, insisted upon sitting down to rest every little while. Only persistent urging would get him on his feet again, and finally we left them for good with the weary one

permanently anchored. On one of our many spurts for the lead, as we were forging to the front, one of the party shouted, "Better look out, there's a gang of ----just ahead."

"Gang of what?" I asked the doctor, having in mind the rioting at Albany, which was then at its height, and only a few miles away.

"I dunno," he answered. I repeated the inquiry to the other party. "Gang of pigeons," was the answer. They evidently thought that men with guns were after anything alive, outside of humanity.

Going through a cut I sighted a chuck on one of the banks above our heads, his form sharply outlined against the sky, and although it was the doctor's turn to shoot, he insisted upon my trying it. The distance was hardly forty yards, and the shot an easy one, but I scored a complete miss. "Shot over him again," Said my companion.

"It's no use," I said; "I cannot hit a woodchuck," having in mind several attempts on previous occasions when the animal, if hit at all, dropped into its hole, leaving no evidence of an injury.

"Oh! You'll get the knack after awhile," the doctor assured me; "don't get discouraged." Before he made me hit one.

We were soon on our homeward way, with the sun setting slowly, the robins sitting facing the departing glory and singing as if for dear life. The air was filled with delicious spring odors and the violets and strawberry blossoms delighted the eye on the banks of the railroad. We reached the field where we had our first shot and decided to leave the railroad and try the field. That scourge of the hunter, the barbed wire fence, barred our progress and as I was about to attempt that almost impossible feat of getting through safely the doctor checked me and showed me a novel use for his field rest. I will first describe this implement. It is made of pieces of steel tubing, one telescoped into the other, thus forming an upright 3 to 6 feet in length, the smaller one being tipped with a solid steel point. The sliding of the inner tube is controlled by a brass band, whose ends are brought toward each other by a screw and nut, thus holding it at any desired length. On the outer tube a block of wood slides, held by a thumb screw at any point. A groove in the block holds the rifle barrel, and when the point is thrust into the ground a fine rest is had at any desired height. Thrusting the point into a stand of wire, half way between the post, and placing the block against the strand above. The space was readily enlarged and

held open until we passed through without parting with any of our clothing or epidermis.

The doctor, remembering a hole on a hillside which he saw on coming down, with stakes in front where a trap had been set, left me in the valley while he swung up an opposite hill to get a commanding view of this spot. As I took in the view of both hills from below I saw him fixing his rest and getting in position for a shot, although from my point of view I could not see the chuck. Shortly a puff of smoke rose from the rifle, and as the sharp crack of the report reached my ears I saw the chuck roll out of the entrance to the burrow down the hill a few feet. Thinking it was wounded and noticing that the doctor was not looking at it, I shouted, "There he is down the hill, just below his hole;" and the doctor still refraining from shooting again, I drew a bead on the animal and took a hasty shot offhand. The dust rose promptly in a little spurt close to the animal, which then made another dash for a sport of fresh dirt lower down the hill. I had a bunch of violets, which I had gathered for Lisbeth, in my left hand, and I could not lose those, so again I brought my .32-40 clumsily to bear on the red huddle on the hillside 120 yards or so off, and spattered the dust over it again. All the time I was shouting that the woodchuck was right there. But the doctor was apparently oblivious of everything and everybody, and on his knees with his rest sticking up in front was arched over his rifle, busy at what? Hark! A bob-o-link's song? Ah, no; but word, rich, strong, resonant word, pregnant with meaning, many of them not often printed, being such as are usually designated with dashes and stars. The doctor's shell had broken off; leaving part in the chamber, and the Ideal broken shell extractor was not removing it with the neatness and dispatch claimed for it in the catalogue. "I saw the woodchuck all right, but my gun won't take but one shell at a time," he said.

By that time the chuck, which was apparently only stunned and dazed, had got back into its hole, and calm settled down upon the valley once more. Over the hill went the doctor, now out for blood in good earnest, and shortly reappeared holding aloft a dead chuck. "Better come up her," he shouted; "they are thick now." But I declined, and hearing his rifle crack twice more I was not surprised when he showed up with one in each hand.

It was then quite late, we had tramped several miles and were hungry, so casting a last long lingering look behind, down the valley, then in deep shadow, up to the blue hills with the crimson sunset sky above, and with birds' songs filling the air, we went with tired feet to our hotel, having had royal sport on our first day in Medicus' preserve.

Ob, robin up in the cherry tree
Singing your soul away.-Aldrich

I wonder if the birds feel as we do, in this joyous spring time, when the sweetness of the blossoms and of the budding trees and sprouting grass makes us rapturously conscious of every breath we draw in the open air. Do they have that feeling, almost of pain, that they cannot take in the full measure of what is offered to them, at this season, and that before they can realize it, the lovely spring blossoms will be gone, and before another like season comes again they may not be here to revel in it? The rapture of their songs and the earnestness with which they pour out their very souls in melody lead me to suspect they are trying to express their appreciation of the glories of the spring time, and I envy them, for I feel it as they seem to, but cannot act it out as they do. At other times that restless desire for variety makes me welcome the ever changing season, and I get weary of the heat or the cold before the time is ripe for change; but violet time and the duration of the apple blossoms is ever too fleeting.

After our first day afoot, we spent a day with the women at Medicus' range, having a very agreeable experience shooting at several different distances and with small and heavy calibers. The range is beautifully situated, about a half mile from the hotel, in a green pasture, the targets backed by a neighboring hill. We missed our Massachusetts Rifle Association markers and scorers, as, although the house is equipped with telescopes, bench rests and other paraphernalia so necessary to the rifleman, we had to tend targets and drive away cows from the rear of the targets. The cattle persisted in feeding gradually into range, although repeatedly driven off, and 'Lisbeth suggested that the cultivation given the sward by the raking bullets perhaps made the grass sweeter there. Medicus and his daughters were very kind and attentive, and he was as skillful in mixing flour paste for target use as

in compounding medicine for his patients.

Our third day was set apart for a hunt, and shortly after breakfast our two seated carriage, with horse warranted not to be gun shy, was drawn up in front of the hotel and loaded down with rifles, field rests, wraps, field glasses, lunch basket, and finally by us four, who managed to squeeze in among the impedimenta. The whole proceeding vastly amused the piazza full of guests and loafers, who had evidently been posted as to our mission, and seemed filled with wonder and admiration at the number of fire arms and tools taken "just to shoot a few woodchucks."

The doctor was to be guide and hunter, while I was to be responsible for the safety of the party, and was to handle our fiery, untamed steed. To aid him in his role as guide, the doctor had made, under Medicus' direction, a few spider like tracks on a sheet of paper, which he facetiously informed us was a map of our route, but after the road we took under his guidance had almost dwindled to that well-known "squirrel track which runs up a tree," he admitted that it was not much of a map after all. We found the road after a while somewhat better, and as it took us through a beautiful country, away up over the high hills, commanding a fine view of the valleys on the other side, we did not regret that we lost our way.

The hill route, however, was not prolific of woodchucks, and it was not until we returned to the river valley that we found them. Then the fun began. The doctor very generously gave 'Lisbeth the first shot which offered, this was at a 'chuck sunning itself on a rock about two hundred yards away, but the distance was reduced by judicious stalking to about one hundred yards. It took some time for 'Lisbeth to get into a satisfactory position, but finally we saw the puff of smoke and heard the sharp crack of the doctor's .28 caliber, but through the glass we could still see the 'chuck, sitting like a cat on the rock, although showing some uneasiness. The next shot struck just under it, throwing bits of broken stone into its eyes and causing it to dive into its hole in a hurry. "Better luck next time," said the doctor, and sure enough the next 'chuck she killed cleanly by a head shot, although quite a distance from the road, the rifle being rested across the fence at the animal as it stood up on the edge of its hole.

That most interesting part of all outings-the lunch-was partaken of

in the open air. And under a couple of noble pines, our sandwiches, cake and fruit being nicely supplemented by fresh milk from the house across the way, in this instance, as in every other on our trip, no pay would be accepted for milk, so delighted were the farmers with our efforts to kill off their troublesome pests. On our return in the afternoon, several 'chucks were shot at, with varying success, the doctor usually killing his neatly, 'Lisbeth scoring about every other time, while I missed most of mine "with great éclat," as 'Lisbeth said. The best hunting time, like that for target shooting, being just after sundown, we got home quite late, and filed into the dining room complacently at 7:45. As we took our accustomed places at the table, the table girl tartly informed us that supper was over at 7:30, and that the cook had gone and the kitchen fire was out.

After this rebuff we filed out again and went to our rooms, the doctor, who had specified late and hot suppers as a part of the arrangements, in a state of mind."

His brow was black as Erebus
And his eye in fine frenzy rolling.

The doctor's wife, with her usual imperturbable good nature, tried to induce him to seek our hostess and have a cold supper served us, but he would not listen. "Come, Docky, go rouse up the landlady." But, as in Humpty Dumpty's poem recited to Alice in Wonderland, "But he was very stiff and proud; He said, 'You needn't shout so loud.'"

"And he was very proud and stiff;
He said, 'I'd go and make them, if—'

Just then the landlady knocked and said it was all a mistake and a hot supper would be served us at once. She was as good as her word. We were filled with contentment and good hot food, and voted the day a success.

The weather for several days not being propitious, we haunted Medicus' den, where we discussed rifles, ammunition, sights, telescope mountings and other matters incidental to shooting and field

sports generally. After about a week's stay, Major S., of New York, joined our party. The major is an enthusiastic rifleman, a fine shot and a successful woodchuck hunter. His methods are very different from the doctor's, as he despairs the use of the field rest, relying strictly on his skill as an offhand shot, after stalking his quarry to within a sure distance. He locates his 'chuck, then walks rapidly toward it, making as little motion with the arms as possible. The animals will usually allow an approach to within 50 or 75 yards without disappearing, and then the major raises his rifle slowly, being careful to keep his elbows to the front, so as not to have the motion outlined against the sky. A head, neck or shoulder shot with his .28 Ballard rifle then usually settles the question

One day the major invited Miss Medicus to join our party, and we engaged a span and three seated drag for another all day outing. The day was simply perfect, and the woodchucks fairly numerous, although we found that the slaughter of the past few years had perceptibly diminished the numbers of these rodents, one meadow from which the doctor and a friend took twenty-four last year only yielding one, although two or three others were spotted, but were so wild that a fair chance at them could not be had. While several of us were looking the meadow over, a farm hand told the women, who were waiting with the team, that "Two Boston fellers got a snag of 'chucks out o' that meader last year, so I guess your men folks won't find many there now."

Although the game we were after was scarce in this field, the song birds were swarming, reveling in the bright sunlight and evidently appreciating it all the more on account of the long spell of rainy weather preceding it. The bobolinks, particularly, were numerous and noisy, seemingly full of condensed melody, which struggled to get out and almost rent their little throats, so fast and full were the stream that issued forth. As we watched them, they would come scaling down slantwise from above, scattering their bubbling notes in the air, until their piebald bodies rested upon a long spear of grass, when they would close their song for a while and run about among the grass, their little heads showing up occasionally and looking in the distance much like the tip of a chuck's nose.

While in the shadows of a great barn waiting for the chucks to

show up, a red-winged blackbird perched on the ridge persistently sung its sweet song, which the doctor interpreted to be "Can't see-e-e-e him."

A trip to the Ostrander farm, several miles from the village, was taken and greatly enjoyed. The doctor potted three 'chucks in about as many minutes from a shed in a nearby field, and several more were seen, but were wild. The farm is on a hill commanding an extensive view of a beautiful country, with Bennington, Vt., in the distance, the tall granite shaft of the immense monument commemorating Gen. Stark's victory seeming only a mile or two away, although the distance actually was about nine miles.

The Ostranders were very hospitable-in fact, a little too much so for my comfort, as they supplemented our lunch with milk and hard cider. This, combined with ham sandwiches, cake, pickles, rhubarb pie and peanuts, made a combination which resulted disastrously to my internal economy. The revolt which followed on our way home, although instructive, was not entertaining to me, but furnished amusement for some of the party. "It was fun for the boys, but hard on the frogs."

A three days' trip by train to Arlington, Vt., by the way of Cambridge and Shushan, N. Y., up the valley of the lovely Batten kill river, was one long to be remembered. A cold north wind set in and was in our faces most of the trip to Arlington. Consequently we saw few 'chucks, although in an occasional sheltered valley they were out in force. At one time the doctor and 'Lisbeth having my .32-40 only with them, had four in sight, and within close range at once, when the hammer positively refused to stay cocked, the notch having been worn down, the temper being too soft for the sear. When the team was rejoined and another rifle procured, the game had all disappeared.

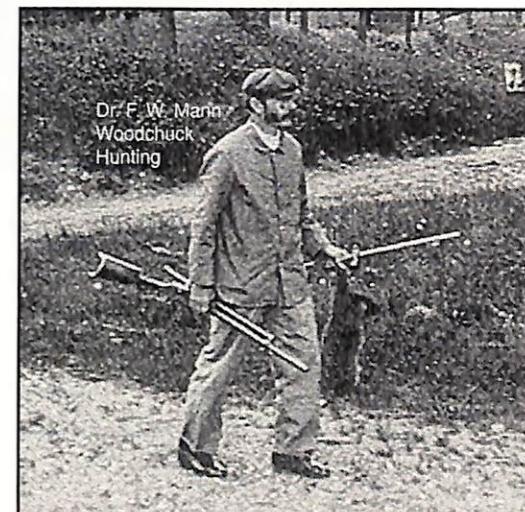
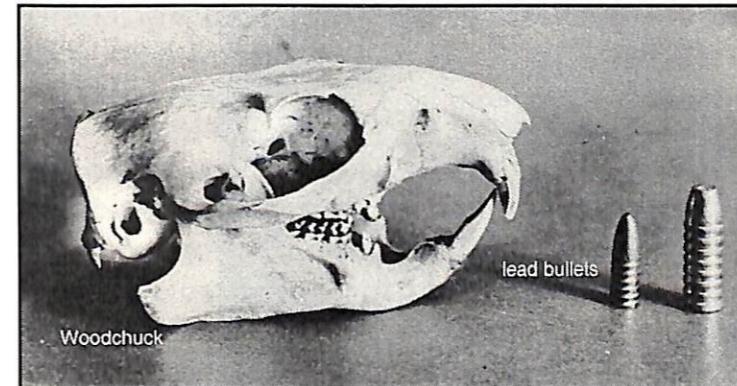
The hotels at Cambridge and at Arlington are fine. At the latter place, when arriving late in the afternoon after a long, cold drive from Shushan, where we spent our first night, we were welcomed to a cheerful open wood fire in a pleasant homelike sitting room. Basking in front of the fire we indulged in those pleasant waking dreams so well depicted by 1k Marvel in his *Reveries of a Bachelor*, and forgot all the discomforts of the journey, and later went to our supper of trout and other delicacies in a happy frame of mind.

Our return was uneventful. A side trip of a mile took us to the hill on

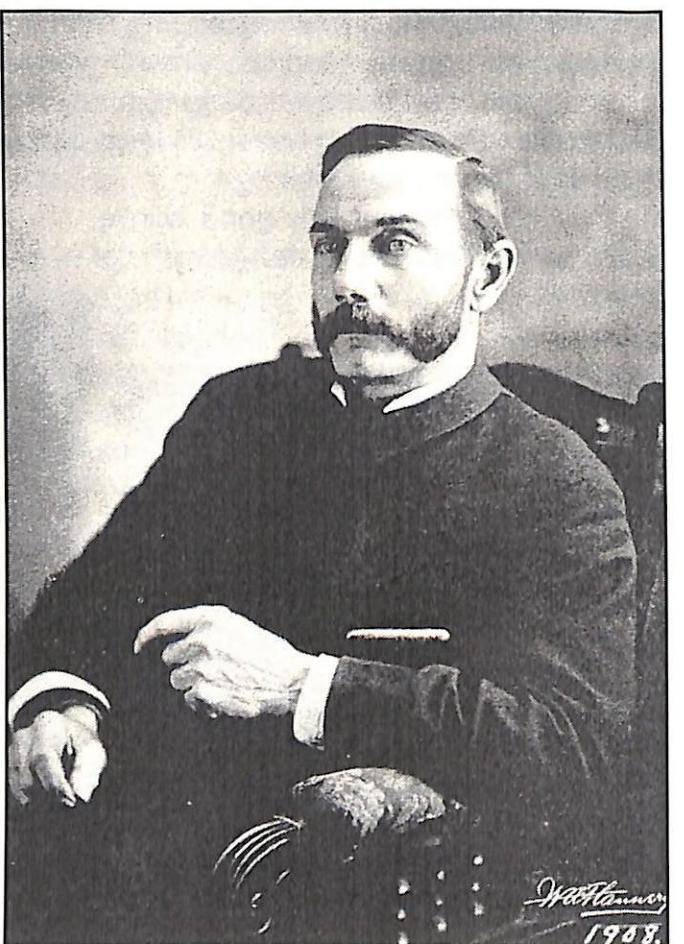
which Gen. Stark pointed out the British to the Americans, and where a plain granite tablet bears an appropriate inscription with his words: "There are the Red Coats, and they are ours, or to-night Molly Stark sleeps a widow."

Everything good and bad must have its ending, and we finally bade adieu to Medicusville, with regret, Medicus himself going with us to the station in the pouring rain, and there we bade him and his woodchuck preserve a reluctant farewell, hoping he would long be spared to enjoy life and friends as well as he now does,

"For he is a jolly good fellow,
As nobody can deny."



Dr. F. W. Mann



Dr. F. W. Mann

E. A. Leopold told me a good Tale. I recently found that F. W. Mann is making a slight experiment in a ventilated barrel with his .32-47-200 Ballard rifle. The barrel is 28 inches long and has six 1/8-inch holes drilled through, at distances from 3 1/2 to 5 inches from the muzzle. The drill had left burrs in the bore, and these had not been lapped out. We fired several shots, using a shell full of powder, and 47 grains and grooved bullet weight 200 grain. We caught the bullets in oiled sawdust, into which they penetrated about five feet. The bore showed black streaks of fouling from the vents holes to the muzzle, probably caused by burrs. This fouling was easily removed with a swab, and no traces of leading were noticed. The bullets were not gas cut to any appreciable extent, but were scraped by the burrs. The second test was intended to give us an approximate idea of the gas pressure near the muzzle. Wrapping strong, heavy Manila paper five times around the barrel and securing it with twine closed the vent holes. On firing the rifle in this condition the gas forced its way out through each vent, perforating the five thickness of heavy paper at each hole, and proving that the pressure of gas on the bullet at the muzzle is very great. He has also had Harry M. Pope make a barrel with a port cut in the top of the rifle barrel this he found has reduced the muzzle from rising and has reduced recoil. He has been thinking of experimenting with various muzzle crowns to improve accuracy, but this is a test for another time. The subject is very interesting and I regret that I have not found time to investigate beyond what I have stated above. We are about to go on a Woodchuck hunting trip. One morning Frank proposed that we go over to his brother William's farm, in Norfolk, where he has a 100-yard rifle rang cut through the woods, well protected from wind. I ask him if I should take my woodchuck gun along, and he said, "No; we will shoot my ventilated .32-47-200 Ballard Rifle at the target today."

This is the rifle he bought off F. C. Ross, of Brooklyn, about a year ago. He had attached a sidle telescope, with mountings of his own design and construction. A micrometer screw controls the elevation, and Frank claimed he could adjust it to .001 part of an inch, and that he knew where to set it for any range up to 200 yards. He claimed his mount was manageable, while some others were not, because they lacked a fine screw adjustment.

We took a train going toward providence, and got off at Franklin; then took a train up Boston way, and got off at Norfolk. Frank should the rifle, and I carried the target paraphernalia that belonged to it. I do not know which had the heavier load. We walked up the track about a half mile, and had arrived at the Mann farm, when Frank suddenly exclaimed, "Ed, there is a Chuck at the foot of the dump. Would you like to try a shot at it with the Ventilated barrel target rifle?" I told him I certainly should, if there was any proper ammunition in the outfit. Opening the valise we found that we were short a capping tool and a powder flask, these things having been left with Brother William on a former trip. Frank said, "Pound the primer in with a stone," which I did; then filled the shell with Hazard FG powder from a large can, and applied an oleo wad. A Zischang bullet was dropped into the chamber, followed by the charged shell, and the rifle was loaded. I asked Frank to set the elevation for 50 yards, which he did, promptly, without taking the weapon from my hands. The chuck was still waiting, as I raised the rifle slowly and sighted through the 9 power telescope. I saw it settle down a trifle lower in the trigger as soon as the crosshairs reached the desired spot. When the wind blew the smoke away, I saw the Chuck give its tail one spasmodic quiver, and it was dead. Gathering up our calamities we ran up the railroad, and scrambled down the bank, finding the chuck lying over the entrance of its underground abode. One kick would have sent it below, but after the Zischang target bullet had traversed its anatomy the chuck lacked the energy to give that one kick.

Over at the farmhouse, one-fourth of a mile away, William Mann and every member of his household were interested spectators of the one act drama, which resulted in a tragedy. I shall not attempt to describe the satisfaction with which we toted the game across the field to Brother William's. After Partaking of a bounteous breakfast, to which we did full justice. We talked of the ported rifle barrel as to the accuracy and lack of muzzle rising.

As this experiment will some day revolutionize the rifleman of the future? We made a post mortem examination of the woodchuck, and found that the bullet had torn the heart case to shreds, severed the aorta and large veins and arteries, and left the heart entirely loose in the chest cavity.

I beg pardon of Medicus' for my imperfect and unscientific account of the conditions disclosed by the autopsy E. A. Leopold.

Kingston with its heat, dust, mosquitoes, fleas and noises had held us in its grip as long as it could, but now must let us go to the mountains, but gave us a parting taste of its discomforts as if reluctant to allow us poor mortals any rest while within its limits. We should have shaken the dust of its streets from our feet many clays sooner had we been able to make arrangements for satisfactory quarters in Mandeville with more promptness.

When we came to Kingston we left the engagement of rooms to a very pleasant traveling companion, who said that it would be quite advantageous for us to travel together, as we could get better rates and making accommodations by joining our forces, thus making one good sized party instead of two small ones. Being of a somewhat trustful nature, and also having that tired feeling which comes from dwelling under the tropical sun, I gladly availed myself of this opportunity to be cared for without thought for the morrow, or the day after,

Bitterly I regretted my slothfulness and misplaced confidence, for on reaching our Kingston lodgings so kindly engaged for our aggregation by my new friend, we were shown our rooms; finding to our great surprise and chagrin that our home was to be in a little single room about the size of a hall bedroom in a cheap lodging house at home, while our friend and his wife took possession of an immense and lofty apartment with windows on three sides, furnished with two beds, a lounge, many easy chairs and a wardrobe big enough for a house.

We took one look at our meager room, another at our friends with complacent patronage settling themselves in their comfortable home and called a meeting of our family for deliberation on the situation. "What do you say, 'Lisbeth-are you willing to accept the situation?" I asked.

"Not on your life."

'Lisbeth uses slang sparingly, but when emphatic she does occasionally indulge in this Yankee habit. I sought our landlady and most earnestly impressed upon her mind that we were not satisfied with our room and that she must do better or we should part company. This protest had its desired effect; we got a quite comfortable room, and after a few days getting the room first given our traveling mates, they moving to the mountains in advance of us.

Having this experience in mind I wrote to a boarding house keeper in Mandeville, asking for information as to rooms and rates, but got no

response; afterward finding that she had all the guests that she could care for, so I wrote to another and getting favorable answer, after eleven days of discomfort in the "third hottest city of the world," departed for Mandeville. I engaged a dray to take our trunks and bicycles to the station, price 1 shilling sixpence (thirty-six cents). I paid \$1 for the same service in the opposite direction, under the guidance of my friend previously named, who evidently was not as sharp at driving a bargain with a native as with us.

I attempted to engage a buggy to take us and our many hand packages to the Station, but our good landlady, in the kindness of her heart, insisted on our going in her buggy. With her also went another lodger going to town shopping, and the condition of that two seated - carriage when four persons and Driver, two suit cases, a large grip, camera, shawl strap bundle and rifle were loaded in can better be imagined than described. On our way we passed the dray, which had started a full hour ahead. In distress. Our two wheels had broken loose from their lashings and the inefficient darky driver was struggling with these exasperating things, which are so awkward except when in their proper place, under control of a rider.

"Get a move on you," I shouted as we passed him. "It's almost train time."

We had ample time to get to the station and attend to checking the luggage when we left the house, but the driver stupidly or purposely mistook the directions and drove to town instead of to the station, thus wasting quite a little time, so that we got to the train only about ten minutes ahead of schedule starting time. As baggage has to be weighed and receipts taken for wheels one needs about twenty minutes at the system less Jamaica stations. Just as I had given up taking our traps on our train and had arranged with the baggage agent to forward them by the next, the dray arrived and the weighing and other necessary - red tape was attended to and the stuff got aboard just in season.

The trip to Mandeville was new to us from Spanish Town, the ancient capital of the island, where the Port Antonio branch comes in. The scenery for several miles is flat and uninteresting, the views of the distant mountains being the only relief which prevails

shoreward, - but - soon - we began to climb the hills and; the views were enchanting. Up, up, we slowly crept among the fastnesses of the hills to Porus, from which point we dropped over the range to Williamstown, where we left the train to go by team up again for four miles to Mandeville. As we wound along the sides of the mountains we often looked down for hundreds of feet, almost sheer, to the valleys below.

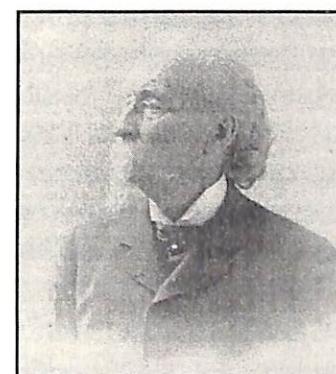
Among these mountains the soil is brilliantly red, so that where the roads show they look like streaks of red paint drawn through the otherwise bright green country. The immense cottonwood trees, with great twisted trunks, and ground pine parasites and festooned with climbing vines, catch the eye as one looks down the valleys, while the omnipresent john crows sail through the air far and near. The country looks sleepy, no factories or other railroads than the one we were on disturbing the serenity which prevails.

Our ride up from the station was pleasant and we soon began that delicious climate which makes Mandeville the haven of rest for the worn out Kingstonian. On the buggy that took us up was a native of Mandeville, who had been clerking at Kingston but was returning home to recuperate, three years of Kingston life having entirely destroyed his stamina. He informed us that very few constitutions could stand protracted residence in Kingston, and my observations tend to bear this out. As the regular residents there, who were obliged to labor constantly, were sorry specimens of humanity.

Mandeville, Jamaica. April 10, 1901

E. E. PATRIDGE.

Dr. S. A. Skinner



American Sportsman in Jamaica

part 2 April 18, 1901

The journey by rail to Kingston is exceedingly interesting, but, if the day be hot, rather distressing, as the road runs over and through the mountains where the numerous tunnels, about thirty, are filled with gas and hot air, while the steep valleys through which the train winds are almost as close and heated. Along the shore from Port Antonio to Annotto bay the road runs so close to the water that the wash of the waves is constantly undermining the embankments, after every northerly gale trains are delayed, frequently for hours, until the gaps can be filled in. The engines are old and are constantly breaking down, so that it is decidedly uncertain when one will reach his destination. The cars are of the American pattern-in fact the most of the rolling stock was made in the United States- and the baggage, smoking and first-class compartments are in one car. The first-class has four seats on each side, covered with leather, and is similar to many of our smoking cars. The third-class- there is no second-class-has a whole car with wooden seats, and is usually packed with Negroes, coolies and colored people, the tickets costing just one-half of the first-class fare. None is allowed to board the train until a ticket is shown, and on several occasions we saw a belated would-be passenger rush on to the station platform and attempt to board the car just as the train was about to start; but the station agent always promptly seized and held the struggling man, while the train moved slowly away. The expression on the poor fellow's face, as he saw us depart without him, was pitiful, and we would imagine all kinds of possible complications brought about by this enforced delay of twenty-four hours, the trains running only once a day each way.

The scenery among the mountains is unique and beautiful; at times the train emerges from a tunnel far up among the pointed peaks, and in a short time is gliding beside a shallow stream, with here and there a thatched cabin and cultivated plot. The steep sides of the hills are also dotted with Negro cabins, many of them far above us, and we wonder how the dwellers get down to the main roads with their produce. The river roads, at and near Bog Walk, are particularly fine, looking like parkways with their hard and smooth roadbeds and masonry retaining walls where needed. The bridges are massive stone arched structures, and the road is often carved out of the rocky cliffs which obstruct the way, all giving evidence of an immense

amount of labor expended on them. We were told that Kingston was hot, but the term as understood by the average northerner is entirely inadequate. Late one evening in Boston two men on a front seat of an open car were discussing the temperature. They had but just returned from an outing to one of the beaches, and the contrast between the sea air of the shore and the stifling atmosphere of the streets was extreme. One man impatiently said, "It is hot as h-l." "Hush," said the other, "there is a lady on the next seat." The first speaker turned, much embarrassed, and begged the woman's pardon, saying he was not aware that a woman was within hearing.

"You need not apologize," said the woman placidly. "It is hotter than you said it was."

This woman expressed our sentiments about Kingston. Eleven days we managed to exist there, but finally Lisbeth rebelled, saying that I might stay if I liked, but that she should either go home or to some cooler place than that, and then I mustered up energy to get out. While in the city we were quartered at Emmaville, about a half mile away from the business center, and there had our first experience of Jamaica living.

The place was evidently once the home of a wealthy family, having immense piazzas and lofty, spacious rooms, while the grounds were extensive, with beautiful trees, shrubs and flowers. Many of the rooms are now roughly subdivided to meet the requirements of a boarding house, but others are left as originally planned. Our room was immense, Being the second story of a wing over the bath rooms. The walls have some windows closed with sliding, glazed sashes, but much of the wall space is cut away and closed only by coarse, wooden slatted blinds set in the wall, and which can be opened and closed, thus allowing the outer air to circulate with more or less freedom, it being impossible to exclude the air completely. This method of construction is not peculiar to Kingston, but prevails throughout the island, except where the native huts are made of bamboo or cocoanut fiber, these requiring no openings for ventilation.

At this house we were introduced to Jamaica cooking, against which we have been repeatedly warned; but we were agreeably surprised, finding it very palatable and nourishing, the variety, particularly in the vegetables and fruits, was to be expected, but we were served also with excellent fish, most of which were new to us. The meats were not as good as

at home, although we did not find this a serious fault, as the appetite for meat is not sharp here, an occasional taste sufficing. Chickens and turkeys are sold alive, being hawked about from house to house by the darkies, and are generally slaughtered the day they are cooked and are consequently fresh and wholesome.

The kitchens are always in a detached outbuilding and the heat is obtained from open ranges, the fuel being wood and charcoal, brought in small quantities on the heads of the peddlers, or in the immense basket panniers on donkeys. Cooking must be very difficult in the dingy kitchens, where the smoke is allowed to escape through crevices in the walls, but the number and variety of dishes which an old auntie and one or two assistants will turn out for a meal is astonishing.

Eating is a most absorbing function of life here; first, one is awakened, about seven o'clock in the morning, by the maid with coffee, or cocoa, and toast; breakfast is at 9 o'clock, lunch at 1, tea with biscuits and cake at 4, brought to one on the piazza; dinner at 7. One would suppose that in such terrible heat one's appetite would fail, but, although we took but little exercise, the numerous meals were eagerly anticipated. Ceylon tea is used almost exclusively. The flavor is peculiar and rather disagreeable at first, but before long we became not only reconciled to it, but quite fond of it.

Local car fares are very low. 6d. (12 cents), and there are also several lines of street cars (trolleys), fare 2d. (4 cents), or seven tickets for a shilling (24 cents). Drivers will accept 9d. for two passengers for same destination, if bargain is made in advance, and I was told that the knowing ones pay only car fare. It is very fortunate that fares are so low, as it is very disagreeable walking in the heat and dust of the city streets, and the cabs are everywhere, so that white people walk very little.

The stores are unattractive, dark, crowded and old-fashioned, but they have some fine goods, while the clerks are polite and attentive. Most of the merchandise comes from England, but many American articles are found on sale. The Self Help store on Church Street has many beautiful ornaments made from different plants grown on the island. The shoes sold and worn are clumsy and homely; how much this has to do with the stumpy-looking feet of the white women I could not tell, but they seem to have short, thick feet, almost like the deformed ones

of the Chinese women. Possibly they walk so little that they do not properly develop.

I was told there were many startlingly beautiful women here and the saleswomen were often fine looking mixed breeds. We found them mixed enough, but failed to see any that would be called ordinarily handsome. Any of our department stores would show scores of girls better looking and more interesting than any I have seen here. The constant heat in Kingston has a very wearing effect on those who reside here constantly. The wealthy go to the Santa Cruz mountains,, or to Mandeville, which is nearly as high, for relief in the summer months, much as our people visit the White mountains; but the poor clerks sweltering in the close stores and offices from 8 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M. can get only an occasional short respite, and are listless and hollow-eyed.

Just imagine living year after year in weather like our dog days, and then you will know how to appreciate the relief which our changing seasons give. It will be a long while before I shall forget and complain of Boston's east wind.

Port Antonio Jamaica. E. E. Patridge.



Woodchuck Hunting for Women

July 21, 1904 Woodchuck hunting is rapidly becoming an accepted sport of no mean magnitude. Twenty-five years ago my friend, Seth Parsons, of Albany, N. Y., hunted chucks in this vicinity. He was a man of refinement and leisure, and taught me how to see and shoot a 'chuck, which requires no little skill. He was spoken of in derision by many of the community and called a "woodchuck friend." Now the 'chuck is considered legitimate game, the hunter a sportsman and a godsend to the farmers.

It is acknowledged by all progressive men that as a means of self-protection every woman should be capable of handling and shooting a rifle or pistol, as well as know how to swim. She requires as much oxygen as the man. Yet, to see her run or throw a stone is convincing that she is not anatomically or physically made for foot or horse racing or mountain climbing.

The wealthy, athletic, up-to-date young woman has her golf, automobile, etc. She would do well to add 'chuck shooting to her amusements, but those who do are in the minority. We have the teacher, stenographer, shop and factory girl closely confined many hours every day. As a physician of fifty years' experience I can but note their pale lips and atrophied muscles, and long to advise them.

Instead of spending their vacation at Saratoga or some fashionable seaside or mountain resort, where they will see what is generally termed society, only to return to their duties unrefreshed, money gone, and longing for the fleshpots of Egypt, let me advise our vacationist to expend a few dollars for a suit of stout material of unobtrusive color, short skirt, a small soft felt hat, and tramping boots. Ten dollars will buy a rifle and ammunition, or five dollars a fishing outfit. A journey of a few hours will take her into the country; four or five dollars a week will procure substantial board. The rifle or rod will be an excuse or object for a early morning tramp. If a 'chuck's tail or fish is not added to her trophies, she has seen nature at its loveliest, its mounts and rills, its groves and templed hills, and with the pure air has breathed in a deeper love for God and all His works. Like all true sportsmen she will not wantonly kill or cause to suffer any harmless thing He has created. The birds and squirrels will go unharmed, but she will learn much of their home life, as she rests under a hickory tree and watches their gambols.

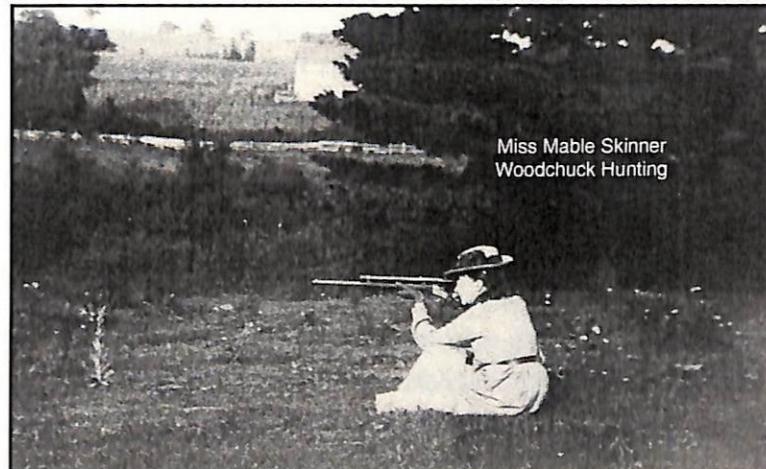
Do not let her think she is alone in her consideration for the little things. Many of our best sportsmen are men of refinement, and know the idiosyncrasies of the ant as well as the habits of the grizzly. The wily chuck will take him to the hills and fields, and after he has stalked them from early morn until dark he will feel that he has had variety enough to call it game.

It is true, many prefer the horse and yacht, or the automobile and the coroner, while others the humble woodchuck.

Every man and woman should have a fad or interest outside of their daily duties, and happy is the one who has a good rifle, no matter who made it if it will put ten shots in the twelve ring of the Standard American target at 200 yards.

Now let Medicus make a confession. I have written much of the Arctomys monax, and in favor of hunting them with a rifle—never with traps or smoking them out. It is legitimate sport; they are a nuisance to the farmer, and their holes a menace to his horses and cattle. I have never shot one and never shall nor any other game, but have spent many pleasant hours on my preserve, while my friends have hunted. My rifle and any inanimate object at unknown distance for a target, the quiet and beauty of the country has prepared me for as restful and pleasant dreams as my friends who stroll back, their rifles decorated with heads and tails, warm, tired, and happy.

Medicus.



Miss Mable Skinner
Woodchuck Hunting

Long Range Rifle Shooting

We chronicled last week the news that the Massachusetts Rifle Association had restored the 1,000 yard targets and firing points at Walnut Hill, and long range practice would be resumed at that range. This announcement brings a flood of recollections in reference to many brilliant scores made at long range at that famous range. Capt. William H. Jackson, the once famous long range shot, at this range several times made a perfect score of 15 shots at 1,000 yards. It was there, too, that William Gerrish made the great record of 224 out of a possible 225 at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. The score was 15 shots at each of the above named ranges, all the shots being bull's-eyes but one, which was a center at the 1,000 yard distance. This famous performance was repeated by Maj. Charles W. Hinman; both these scores were shot in matches, and have never been equaled elsewhere in match shooting.

Massachusetts has always furnished her quota of expert riflemen for international long range contests. There were Jackson, Brown, Gerrish, Sumner, Hinman, Rabbeth, Rockwell, and others, whose names we do not now recall, members of the American teams which have visited Great Britain at different times. But long range shooting lost its popularity a number of years ago, and if we were to assign its cause we should say it was largely due to the introduction of the so-called special military rifle. While long range rifle shooting declined in the United States it has always held its popularity in Great Britain, and we believe today as a result of this practice that the riflemen of Great Britain better understand the capabilities of the new small bore rifle and its ammunition than we do in the United States.

There are but few 1,000 yard ranges in this country; they can be counted on one's finger ends. The introduction of the special military rifle in this country lessened the popularity of the old long range match rifle, and when the uselessness of the special military rifle became apparent, and it was cast aside, we found ourselves with no rifle in this country suitable for long range shooting. The manufacture of the match rifle having been discontinued, and its devotees' ardor dampened, rifle shooting in the United States was then confined to the short range match rifle and the military arm represented by the United States Springfield rifle. The old-time short range rifle gave way to the Schuetzen rifle. We have many remarkable shots with that arm; we also have many expert military rifle shots with the Springfield rifle and the

new United States magazine rifle at the short and mid ranges. The Springfield rifle was not suitable arm for long range rifle shooting; hence we have never had a strictly military rifle suitable for shooting at the longer ranges. Until the United States magazine rifle was adopted, but even now this arm is accessible to but few volunteers and to none of the civilian riflemen.

Long range rifle shooting in the future will undoubtedly be done with the military rifle. It is, we believe, quite as important that the soldier be trained at long range shooting as at short and mid range. Without doubt we have the material to make some expert long range marksmen, but until recently little or no attention has been given to this department of shooting, and at the present time it is safe to say that but little is known of the capabilities of any American rifle and ammunition shooting at ranges beyond 600 yards.

The difficulty of procuring a 1,000 yard range is well known, but the importance of securing such ranges in different parts of the United States should be made known and special efforts made to encourage this department of shooting, which offers superior facilities of learning the capabilities of arms and ammunition, and will in future warfare play a very important part.

According to a dispatch from London the war office has decided that in future its mounted officers will discard the sword and carry the carbine instead when on active service and in maneuvers, this is a change which has long been anticipated, and is a very wise one in our opinion. An officer is frequently separated from his men and has nothing to defend him with but a sword, which is of little or no use. An officer armed with a rifle will be able frequently to set an example in firing which should prove valuable to his men. There are many reasons why the sword should be relegated and the rifle brought into use by officers.

Is there a rifleman of much experience who has not known the disappointment of a poor shot at the end of a score? Probably not, and thousands will realize the feelings of Sergt.-Maj. Burr, of the British volunteers, who on July 20, 1901 when shooting in the King's match, scored a miss for the last shot. Had he hit the target he would have won the King's prize, which is a very valuable one, amounting to over \$1,000 this great victory was scored by Corp. Ommundsen. It is not generally known among sportsmen that. The late Pierre Lorillard was at one time

during his life one of the best amateur pistol shots in the United States. He preferred a single shot pistol to a revolver for target shooting and his preference was the Stevens .22 caliber pistol, though he could shoot the French dueling pistols in a masterly manner. At Conlin's rifle and pistol gallery there were once a number of fine targets made with a pistol by Mr. Lorillard, and they may still be there.

English service papers say the rifle range at Rottingdean, the home of Rudyard Kipling, is a model one, and that the poet has done a great deal to make it popular with the workmen employed at that town, who have formed a club and hold regular shoots at all ranges up to 1,000 yards. Mr. Kipling has offered prizes for competition. The service rifle is used and the ammunition is furnished to the marksmen free of cost to them. There is also a match for, boys with Morris tubes.

Many American revolver and pistol marksmen who have visited Paris during recent years will doubtless remember Paul Manoury, a journalist connected with the staff of Le Figaro, and much interested in shooting matters. Monsieur Manoury has just started a sportsman's paper of his own entitled Le Tir Illustre. We are in receipt of the initial number, which is neatly printed and illustrated.

Miss Annie Oakley
("Little sure shot")



Back to Gran'Pop's.

I'm goin' back down to gran'pop's,
I won't come back no more
To hear remarks about my feet
A-muddyin' up the floor.
They's too much said about my clothes
The scoldin's never done-
I'm goin' back down to gran'pop's,
Where a boy kin have some fun.

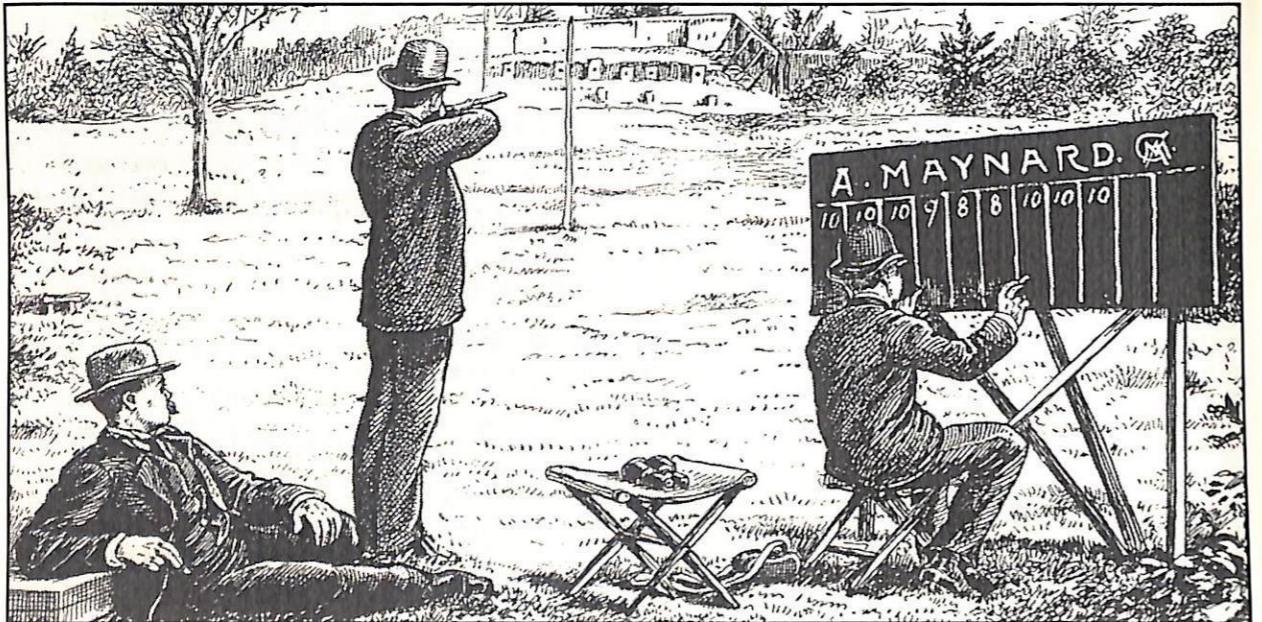
I dug up half his garden
A-gittin' worms for halt;
He said he used to like it
When I laid abed so late;
He said that pie was good for boys,
An' candy made 'em grow;
Ef I can't go back to gran'pop's
I'll turn pirate fust you know.

He let me take his shotgun,
An' loaded it fer me;
The cats they hid out in the barn,
The hens flew up a tree;
I had a circus in the yard
With twenty other boys-
I'm goin' back down to gran'pop's,
Where they ain't afraid of noise.

He didn't make me comb my hair
But once or twice a week;
He wasn't watchin' out fer words
I hadn't orter speak;
He told me stories 'bout the war,
An' Injuns shot out west;
Oh, I'm goin' down to gran'pop's,
For he knows what boys like best.

He even run a race with me,
But had to stop an' cough;
He rode my bicycle an' laughed
Bec'us' he tumbled off;
He knew the early apple trees
Around within a mile;
Oh, gran'pop was a dandy
An' was in it all the while.

I bet you gran'pop's lonesome,
 I don't care what you say;
 I seen him kinder cryin'
 When you took me away.
 When you talk to me of heaven,
 Where all the good folks go,
 I guess I'll go to gran'pop's,
 An' well have good times, I know.
 -Sbeldon (Iowa) Sun.



Shooting at Walnut Hill 1878

The .38-55 as a long range target cartridge

I have been enabled to give the new Ideal copper base .38-55 bullet a short, but in every way most satisfactory trial. The .38-55 is not considered a long range arm in the same sense that .30 calibers are, but with this new bullet and 24 to 26 grains weight of Laflin & Rand Lightning powder, shot from a nickel steel barrel, the possibilities of range are much extended.

This load is a well-balanced one, pleasant to use, and without doubt has a "get there" faculty which appeals to us in much the same manner that the shell full of black FFG and 300 grains of lead used to, and which made the .38-55 so popular as a target arm, and, with the appropriate load, equally popular as a game gun.

On some of the ranges throughout the country Krags or other high power arms have all but supplanted every other form of range gun, just as the 600 and 1000-yard target has replaced the 200-yard. Many a good .38-55 was laid away when modern small bores came into use on the range, because a satisfactory load for the increased distances was not yet discovered. Should such a load be perfected, it would not be a foolish prediction to say that this caliber would again become very popular for long range shooting. The new Ideal bullet with modern high pressure powder is a step (and a long one) in this direction.

A friend and myself, in experimenting with the above bullet, used a Winchester, half magazine, model 1894 rifle, with special nickel steel barrel and equipped with Lyman peep and wind gauge sights. For 200 yards the rear sight was elevated 2-16 of an inch, which is identical with the elevation for the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.'s high power factory load for this particular gun. At the time of trial, there was no wind, and the light was perfect. From a sitting position, with elbow, shoulder, and muzzle rest, my friend found it no trouble, at 200 yards, to place five consecutive shots within the nine ring (three of which were tens) on the Standard American target. At 300 yards, with the same kind of rest and the rear sight elevated 3-16 of an inch from point blank elevation (also the same as for the factory load), the result was 24, military count, the last shot being a 4 at three o'clock, which was accounted for by an unlucky pull. At 500 yards, with the rear sight raised 7-16 inches and the same rest, 23, 25, and were scored consecutively.

At each of the ranges the elevations were practically the same as those used for the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.'s factory load; in fact,

we used the known elevations for the latter, without trial shots, with the above results. As it was growing late and I was a long way from home, I was obliged to curtail further experiment.

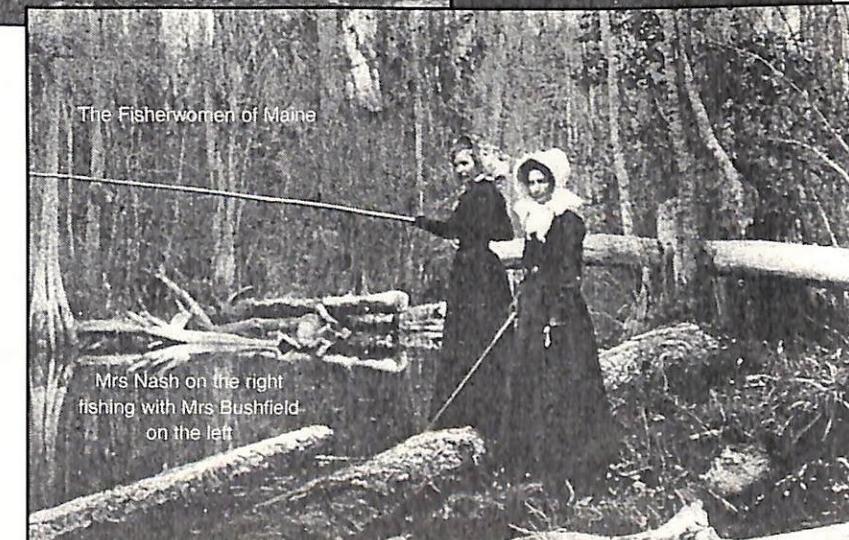
I should have been highly pleased to try some of these loads at 600 and 800 yards, but perhaps some brother rifleman who is as much interested in the .38-55, will give us the results of his trials with this bullet, up to 800 yards. It was found necessary to enlarge the mouth of the shell to admit the unsized bullet, and, in order to leave no flaw. As to loading, each powder charge was weighed on an apothecary scale. The shell was crimped just enough to hold the bullet in place.

The score of 25 at 500 yards was made with 26 grains of Laflin & Rand Lightning powder, which is one grain more than is advised; the recoil was not perceptibly increased; nor was there any deposit of lead in the barrel after the five shots had been fired. Increasing the powder charge, when using dense powder, should, of course, under no consideration, be attempted by the novice, nor would it be wise in any event to attempt it unless a nickel steel barrel was being used.

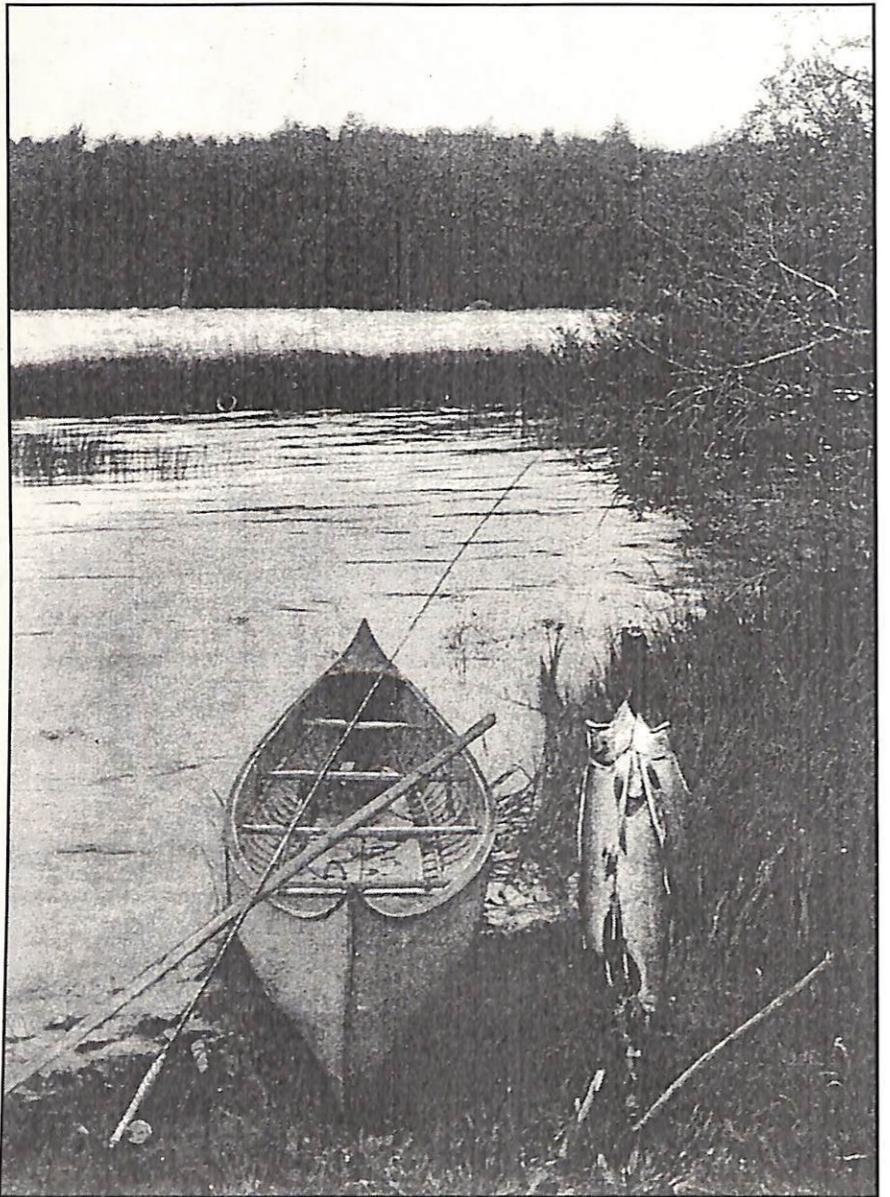
It was noticed that the rifle, although much more difficult to clean than with some of the low pressure powders, was much easier to clean than a .30-40, probably on account of the increased twist and smaller bore of the latter. Further, cleaning from the breech certainly adds to the facility with which powder residue may be removed.

Since the trajectory is the same as that of the Factory load (U. M. C.), we may expect the same effect on animal tissues when using the ideal soft-pointed bullet, and as to the efficiency of the former I can personally vouch' for the fact that it leaves nothing to be desired when used on moose or deer. If anything, it is more than necessarily powerful for deer. In every instance that I know of, it passed clear through a deer, wherever struck, making a frightful wound on exit, and in two instances where a moose was the target the bullet was found under the skin on the opposite side, perfectly mushroomed, and in both instances making a clean, quick, and humane kill.

A comparison between the wound inflicted by a .38-55 high power soft-pointed bullet and that of the .32 Special, soft-pointed (the only small caliber, high velocity cartridge whose effect on game I have personally witnessed), or any other representative high power small caliber, would make very interesting reading.

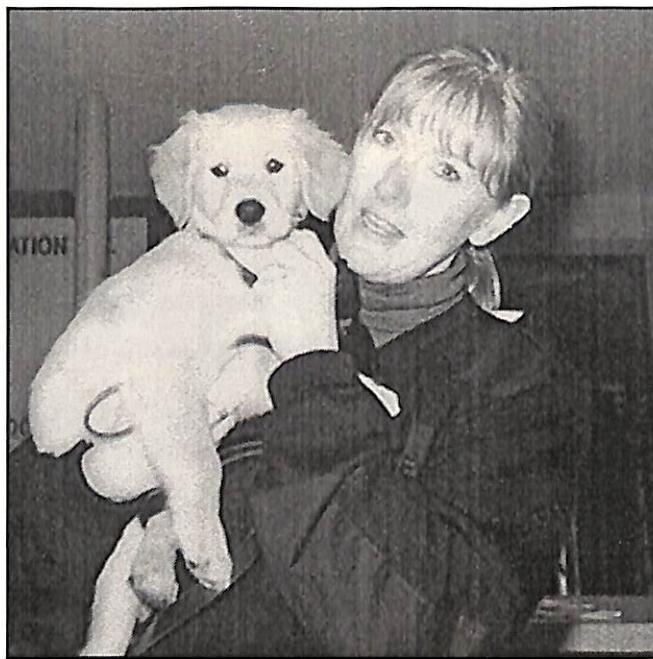


Mr. and Mrs. Patridge's
Canoe and Trout



Tales of Walnut Hill

April 10, 2003



A Lady and Her Shotgun ~ By Robert P. Summa

A day in the life of a Sporting Clays shooter. Lynne Sibo steps up to the line. She is a gracious lady. Her gold hair flows in the wind as the sun reflects her beauty. She has a gift for the game, a feel for the shotgun, an instinctive mind, and total confidence. "Let the games begin," she shouts. "Let's see the birds fly into the light blue sky and watch the rabbits run in the green grass." Then a freakish change comes, with a burst of wind swirling into the shooting field. It lifts oddly - faster or slower - as if it were bewitched. As the wind hits her face, she calls "pull!" The birds seem to lift oddly, moving high and then low in the wind, as if frolicking in the air. The fox speaks twice as two orange puffs mark the light blue sky. She loads two-7½'s into the chambers, and in a ready position, she calls "pull!" Two orange birds race into the air against a flashing blue; they fly to the right, skimming and lifting all at once. The fox speaks twice as two orange puffs mark the blue sky - two hits. Next is the rabbit run. She shouts "pull" as the rabbits race along the green grass. The fox is in pursuit. They try hard to move from the howling fox. It is in vain as the fox speaks again. As the excitement runs through her, on and on it goes. "Pull!" is the call of the day. She has total concentration. She is calm; her heart still. It's her passion for the game that drives Lynne. Ahhh, the smell of excitement at Walnut Hill's Trap and Sporting Clays. So, "let the Games begin!" P.S. We all miss you, so get well, Lynne! I have traveled the same path; remember, we are both ornery members of the Hill, and will be here to the end of time, as God watches over all his children. See you on the range - soon!